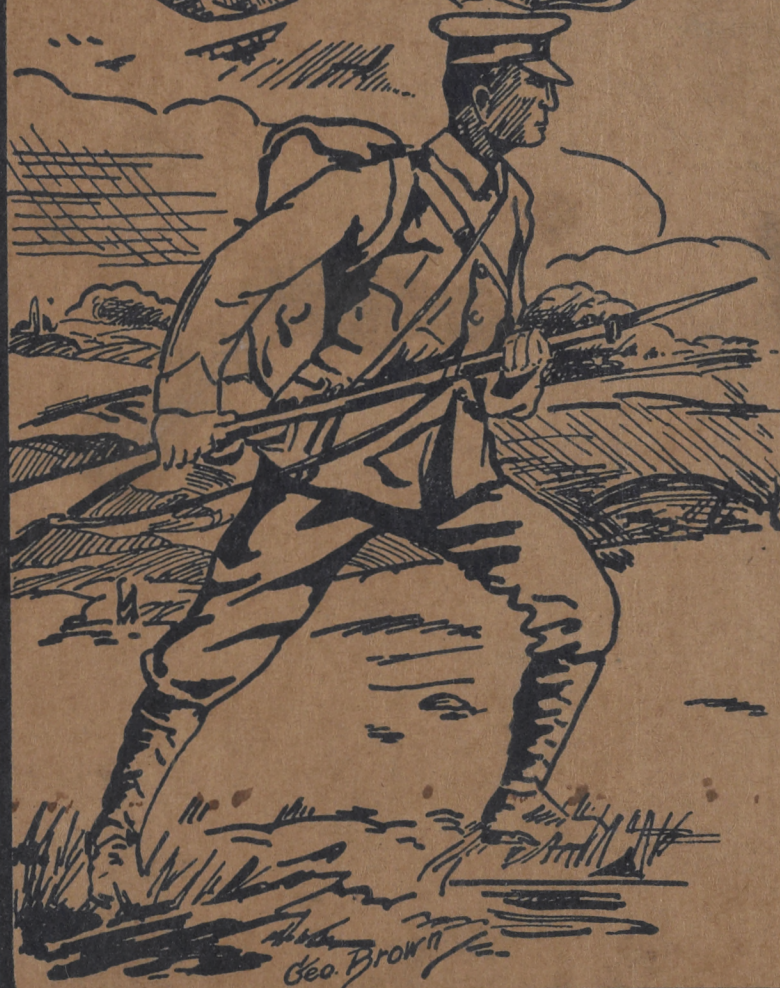


# HASSE'S WAR DIARY NUMBER

## THE FORTYNINER



Baron Byng of Vimy  
Edinburgh Branch Dinner  
Hasse's War Diary  
Fifteenth Annual Dinner  
Prisoner of War, Chap. 3  
My War Diary, Conclusion  
New Vancouver Branch

Where Is  
My Wandering Boy?  
Financial Statement  
Last Post

Number 21

JULY  
1935



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# The Forty-Niner

Number Twenty-One

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

July, 1935

## Editorial

### SOME THOUGHTS ON EMPIRE AND PEACE

In the troublous times in which we live there are two things to be remembered.

In A.D. 1066 the Normans invaded and conquered England. It was the last invasion and so was the last infusion of foreign blood into that mixture of blood strains which today marks the British race wherever it is to be found. The Normans made distinct contributions to the British character, which persist to this day, namely, love of liberty, respect for law, chivalry, pride of race and fighting spirit.

In the 869 years that have followed these qualities have become the common heritage of all those who speak our language. Not only is this so, but we have in large measure imparted them to those races who have fallen under our influence, so that today these qualities or conceptions are the basis of our British civilization.

Reflection upon them will suggest (if it does not prove) that love of liberty and respect for law could not have survived throughout eight centuries unless supported by chivalry, pride of race and fighting spirit. Throughout eight and one half centuries we have fought in every continent and every climate to advance or defend these principles of liberty and law. It is well to remember that the task is never finished. Chivalry and pride of race will call us to meet in arms those who would assail the foundation principles of the structure which we have raised. We shall not take these momentous decisions in any given case by a consultation of blue books, white papers, green papers and the like, but rather by an instinct which exists in the hearts and minds of all of us. History, tradition and instinct govern our actions just as completely as in the case of the squirrel, which lays up food for the winter, or the she-bear which fights to protect her young. We KNOW that the loss of liberty and the rule of law means chaos, decadence and degradation.

From the material point of view adherence to these conceptions has been profitable. We, some seventy millions strong, hold or occupy one-quarter of the earth's surface and we have in our keeping the lives and fortunes of some five hundred millions of dependent people. We possess an empire in which every article and thing necessary to the sustenance of mankind is to be found. In particular, and this is to be specially noted, we occupy and hold against all comers, with very sparse English speaking population, great areas of rich territories in Canada, Aus-

tralia, New Zealand and Africa, which for lack of adequate population we are not fully able to utilize, but which we are determined to hold for those who come after us. The possession of this valuable estate ensures to our successors in the title room for growth, development and prosperity. Those successors we naturally propose and plan shall be our own kith and kin. In the meanwhile we assume that nations whose countries are over populated and whose natural resources are depleted or non-existent, acquiesce in our possession of these large and profitable areas which we do not fully use or exploit. In point of fact they do not acquiesce. In point of fact they very much resent it and but for their belief that we would all fight before we would give up a foot of territory, they would commence encroachment immediately. Fear of our military strength not only actual, but potential, holds them in check.

What do virile nations do when they find themselves suffering from over-population and exhaustion or lack of natural resources? At this moment Japan is helping herself to what she needs in China; the Chinese, not being a fighting race, are taking it lying down. At this moment Italy has landed a quarter of a million men in Abyssinia with the intention of grabbing off that country, which is rich in minerals, probably including oil. But the Abyssinians are a fighting race. Man for man they can hold their own. If they are "done in" in the end it will simply be because the swords and spears of the barbarians are no match for the machine guns, aeroplanes and armoured vehicles of the highly civilized nations. At this moment Germany is getting ready to make a formal demand for the return of those colonies which were taken from her in the late war.

We all want peace. The British Empire particularly needs peace, not only between the Empire and the rest of the world, but also peace between all nations. For only in world peace can the rule of liberty and law persist and trade and business be carried on. Only in world peace can we recover from the effects of the late war and bring to ourselves and a troubled world a return of normal economic conditions.

The situation which we have to confront is this, will we get peace by fighting for it, or will we get it by buying it, as we probably can do by giving hungry nations what they want—fertile territories—natural resources—room to expand, which we have, which they need.

Within five years or less we will be called upon to answer this question. The fate of our race, all our spiritual and material possessions will depend on the decision we make when that time comes. Bear this in mind, that should the British Empire fall and should our influence in world affairs cease to be, we should thereafter live in a very different world and probably a very unhappy one.



## Baron Byng of Vimy

The death occurred at Thorpe-Le-Soken, Essex, Thursday, June 6th, of Field Marshall Julian Hedworth Byng, first Viscount Byng of Vimy, Commander of the Canadian Corps in the Great War and later Governor General of Canada. He was 72.

Byng was among the first of professional soldiers to grasp that the eager volunteers from the dominion welded into an individual corps would be a striking force of unshakable determination—which they proved themselves to be, and was confirmed in their choice as spearhead of the final attack.

### Courteous to a Fault

Genial with reserve, courteous to a fault, Byng of Vimy performed his duties and never followed those other leaders whose jealousy or honest disagreement with superiors found vent in statements or autobiographies.

He was called to the western front a few weeks after the opening of the great war; he was the genius of the triumph of Vimy ridge, when a hundred thousand Canadians under his leadership over-ran that vital rise of land on Easter Monday, 1917, in the only major success of a much-promising general offensive.

Byng after that was promoted commander of the Third Army which had support of the Canadian corps, and saw his Cambrai campaign, one of the most brilliant military conceptions of the entire war, neutralized for lack of troops and support.

### Leader in Final Drive

He was promoted general after that effort late in 1917, and in the spring of 1918 his Third Army hung on viciously in the teeth of the last great German offensive, modelled on Byng's own Cambrai strategy. He was ready in the final allied drive, behind the ground-breaking Canadians' advance to Mons.

In peace, the soldier was denied the seclusion he sought. He gladly, however, accepted the governor-generalship of the dominion, and all went well until 1926, when Byng unwittingly became the centre of one of Canada's gravest constitutional issues.

That was when Byng accepted the resignation of W. L. Mackenzie King, but instead of acquiescing to the Liberal leader's suggestion that parliament be dissolved, called upon Arthur Meighen to form a government, the Conservative ministry being overturned within short order, and the Liberals gaining a majority in the subsequent elections.

Despite the gravity of the constitutional issue, refusal of the governor-general to follow the retiring prime minister's advice, for Byng personally both parties retained the highest respect, and as Byng said, "No matter what I do, I shall be wrong."

### "Tired Old Man"

He left Canada, "a tired old man", late in 1926,

and had two years before he was again called upon, this time to fix up the Metropolitan police of London.

Bribery and collusion charges had threatened to bring that fine force into total disgrace, and Byng was considered the best man to remedy the malady. He worked for three years, when his task was finished, and the credit of the force was again fully established.

Since 1931, Byng and his wife, always at his side, tried to enjoy the retirement so often delayed. Failing in health, he made umerous sea voyages, chiefly to California and Canada's Pacific coast.

He was of course, recipient of many honors from the British and foreign governments. He was thanked by parliament for his "distinguished services" and awarded a grant of \$150,000.

There is no heir to the title.

### Gen. Griesbach Tribute

Those of us who respected and admired Field Marshall Lord Byng were not deluded by reports that his health was good or better. We knew that he was under sentence of death. Now the call has come. Gallantly and graciously he lived, no doubt he died that way.

Byng was a soldier and a gentleman. That was his profession. Duty was his watchword—to do every job well was his ambition.

He came to the Command of the Canadian Corps in 1916. Well I remember the blazing blue eyes and outthrust lower jaw when he was angry and the ready and captivating smile when he was pleased—for the man who commanded the Canadian Corps could be no weakling. The Corps did not wear its heart upon its sleeve—it began cautiously enough by respecting him, it ended by trusting him and loving him.

Byng suspected all "yes" men and those who constantly agreed with him. What he liked was rugged individuals who stood up to him and differed with him. In the Canadian Corps he found many such men. Mind you, you had to put your case forward respectfully and courteously for Byng would not put up with insolence or insubordination but you could have your say copiously and energetically. With equal vigour he replied and in the end agreement and generous co-operation was found and increase of respect and admiration on both sides.

Such men have the knack of attracting others of their like. P. de B. Radcliffe and George Farmer stood up to Byng and stood up to all comers with the result that the atmosphere at Canadian Corps Headquarters was healthy and happy. There was no unreality or make-believe and in the end efficiency. In time Byng in his person came to symbolize all these things—happiness, truth, duty, efficiency. Thus one man inspired one hundred thousand men and this is the measure of his service to the Canadian Corps and to the Canadian people!

W. A. Griesbach.



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

VISCOUNT BYNG

## Fifteenth Annual Dinner, 49th Bn. Association

Memories of Somewhere in France"; of days and night on outpost duty; of mud and filth; of Mademoiselle of Armentiers" and her sisters and her cousins and her aunts and of a thousand and one other phases of the World War, were re-kindled at the Macdonald hotel on Saturday night, January 5th, 1935, when members of the 49th Battalion association gathered at their annual banquet and reunion. The occasion was more auspicious than usual by reason of the fact that there was being celebrated the 20th anniversary of the organization of the 49th Battalion, the Edmonton regiment.

### From North and South

From as far north as the Peace River area and from as far south as Calgary, came members of the gallant Forty-Ninth, to once more gather round the festal board with their comrades-in-arms, in renewing friendships forged in blood on the shell-swept fields of France and Flanders.

And present, too, were members of the sister battalions of the "Silver Seventh brigade, the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light infantry, the Royal Canadian regiment and the 42nd Royal Highlanders of Canada. These boys of the old brigade who stood shoulder to shoulder in some of the epic battles of the war, some of whom had not seen one another for years, re-lived their favorite moments of the war as they met.

From Eastern Canada, from the United Kingdom and from the United States came telegrams from former members of the regiment, wishing the gathering well and all expressing regret at being unable to attend. Some 6,000 men from Edmonton and Northern Alberta, passed through the rolls of the 49th during the war.

### Well Attended

Alas: many lie 'neath the white crosses and red poppies of Flanders Fields. Others are scattered far and wide. But fully 300 members of this gallant regiment that entered Mons on Armistice Day attended and had a right royal good time.

Proceedings got under way at 7 p.m. when the regimental band of the 49th Battalion, the perpetuating unit of the service regiment, entered the hotel rotunda and under the baton of Bandmaster Frank G. Aldridge commenced a concert. And how the old boys flocked round. A half hour concert of favorite wartime tunes. Grand old "Colonel Bogey", the best of them all; "Pack Up Your Troubles," "Tipperary," "If You Were the Only Girl in the World," "The Old Brigade," "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and many other favorites rang through the hotel, thrilling the old boys and drawing an interested crowd of spectators from among the hotel guests and staff.

An interesting, impressive ceremony took place while the concert progressed. Maj. Gen. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., K.C., original officer commanding the regiment, who presided at the banquet, presented long service medals to H M. Sellar, band manager; Frank Parks, band orchestra leader and Bandsman Harry Milne.

At 7:30 p.m. a bugler sounded "The Cook House Door." Then the band struck up "Bonnie Dundee" the Regimental March. In single file the boys paraded around the dining hall and then came to a halt by their places.

The most marked man in the assemblage was Pte. John Kinross, V.C., who won the most coveted of all awards at Passchendaele. A telegram from Pte. John Chipman Kerr, V.C., of Spirit River, expressing regrets at inability to attend, was read.

In addition to Gen. Griesbach, the head table included His Worship Mayor Joseph A. Clarke, the only invited guest.

### Read Telegrams

A high light of the evening came when Gen. Griesbach read telegrams from old members of the regiment and from others associated with it in war days. From Grande Prairie came a message from "Chip" Kerr and others expressing regrets at not being able to get down. From Victoria; from James Bell Scott of Edinburgh, Scotland; from Frank Winser at Idaho Springs; from Col. A. K. Hobbins, D.S.O., at Radium Hot Springs and from many others came messages of good will.

Brig. Gen. Hugh M. Dyer, D.S.O., of Minnedosa, Man., a former commander of the 7th Brigade, remembered the boys.

A protracted burst of cheering greeted the telegram from Brig. Gen. Sir Archibald McDonnell, another brigadier of the "Silver Seventh".

### Proud Memories

He wired, "Good old Forty-Ninth. Always in the thick of the fight and with other battalions of the Silver Seventh the envy of all. Proud memories are great possessions and the Seventh Brigade won more than its fair share of glory."

From the Princess Pats of Winnipeg came: "Best of good wishes". From the R.C.R. came the warmest kind of greetings and Col. Roy Ewing, D.S.O. and his men of the "Gallant Forty Two" sent good wishes and earnest hopes that "all ranks will reach their ultimate objectives in 1935."

Following the toast to "The King" came the toast to "Departed Comrades" celebrated by the gathering standing in a minute's silence. Then came the toast to "Absent Friends" when each man present mentioned the names of the sister battalions of the brigade and of one comrade of the battalion.

Rising to reply to the toast to "The City" which had been proposed by Gen. Griesbach, who pointed out that the battalion always desired to have the mayor present as the battalion bore the name of "The Edmonton Regiment", Mayor Clarke was greeted with a warm ovation.

### Mayor Speaks

"As a non-combatant I believe I have a closer association with the Forty Ninth than any other man," he declared. His Worship then went on to recall that he had been a member of city council when approval was given to the Forty Ninth becoming the "Edmonton Regiment". He also recalled that he was on the council when this city gave a lead to the Dominion in promising that all city employees enlisting would have their jobs back if and when they returned. "Others followed suit, as did big corporations," he said, "and I believe the promises were fairly generally carried out."

Mayor Clarke also brought back memories of the return of the 49th from overseas in 1919. "Some of you boys remember we sent a delegation down to Killam to meet your train and to prove that prohibition was not so prevalent as it was supposed to be." He expressed his "undisguised plea-



sure" at attending the gathering. He drew laughs when he told of Gen. Griesbach inviting him to attend the banquet, thus, "Well, Joe, we want you to come to our banquet. We are a pretty tough bunch and we only invite the mayor when he is as tough as we are." The mayor considered this a warm compliment.

#### He's Glad

"Whether I am in the mayor's chair or not, I am tickled to death to associate myself with such an estimable group of residents as you boys are," concluded His Worship in a burst of cheering.

Replying to the toast to the Edmonton Regiment and coupled with it the Loyal Regiment, Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., original medical officer of the 49th, and now commanding the perpetuating unit, said that the battalion was carrying on splendidly. Recently six men from its ranks had joined the R. C. M. P. and four had gone to the Princess Pats. He hoped the best traditions of the battalion in France would be carried on. A new rifle range had been established at Winterburn and much good work was expected to be done there next summer.

Among others attending from out of town points were Dr. J. A. Urquhart of Aklavik, who was a guest of Major Walter Hale, M.C.; Col. E. R. Knight, Calgary; A. G. Rowland, Wetaskiwin; Andy Black, Ponoka; Billy Revell, Kinsella; A. S. Johnson, Calgary; Fred Quest, Fabyan; A. G. Parton, Westlock; W. H. Jack, Clyde; E. Thurston, Cedoux, Saskatchewan; Harry A. Grant, Chipman; R. V. Patterson, Vegreville; A. B. Clutterham, Tofield; Cam Levine, Daysland; Geo. Thornton, Jarvie; G. P. O'Doherty, Holden.

—Reprinted from the Edmonton Bulletin.

#### Some of Those Present

J. Smith, 9104 77 Ave.; J. Farrugia, 12106 92 St.; E. Curtis, 11317 100 Ave.; A. Norris, 9839 90 Ave.; R. Speers, 10428 132 St.; J. Henderson, 10966 125 St.; P. E. Reilly, 11422 94 St.; A. B. Clutterham, Tofield; G. Souter, Ritz Hotel; W. Paton, 10528 103 St.; C. Holmes, 9744 84 Ave.; A. Fowlie, 10329 105 St.; P. McK. Holland, Lynbrook; J. Bracegirdle, Lynbrook; C. A. Russel, 8215 105 St.; H. T. Mason, 10970 124 St.; A. Fletcher, 10459 66 Ave.; E. Newnham, 11406 79 St.; H. Smith, 9528 101 Ave.; Capt. R. C. Arthurs, 10123 118 St.; Arnold Tayler, 414 Empire Blk.; G. D. Kinnaird, 309 Tegler Bldg.; W. Weir, 10828 124 St.; P. O'Doherty, Holden; Hugh Currie, 11712 79 St.; Husky Ledenham, 11935 91 St.; A. Ferguson, Deville; A. E. Edwards, Stony Lake; Neil Campbell, 14 Kirkpatrick Blk.; R. A. Whyte, 12140 93 St.; P. P. Muirhead, 10003 96 Ave.; Dug Purvis, 10627 105 St.; J. A. Hedley, Irma; G. Willson, 11245 94 St.; A. E. Potter, 9841 95 Ave.; H. M. Bergmann, 10128 87 Ave.; C. Jennings, Rly. Mail Service, Edmonton; G. W. Thornton, Jarvie; Major W. Hale, 10615 127 St.; Col. L. C. Harris, 10005 125 St.; Col. E. R. Knight, Cen. Alta. San., Calgary; Harry Grant, Chipman; T. N. Thurston, Cedoux, Sask.; R. Lamb, 10327 114 St.; Geo. L. Hudson, 10938 88 Ave.; Laing, 11225 89 St.; O. Mucklestone, 10924 126 St.; A. G. Rowland, Wetaskiwin; D. A. Fazan, 10047 101A Ave.; W. Revill, Kinsella; J. Billingsley, 12040 95 St.; Capt. W. E. Rose, Tegler Bldg.; Sid. Parsons, 11712 95A St.; R. V. Patterson, Vegreville; R. Hargreaves, 12031 96 St.; H. Larmour, 211 Alex. Blk.; C. Bunkum, 11327 91 St.; T. Galliver, 11718 96 St.; Col. W. L. Oliver, 19th Alberta Dragoons; A. W. Nelson, Clyde; N. R. Main, Clyde; W. C.

Turnbull, 10227 130 St.; R. Law, R.R.3, Strathcona; A. C. Keen, 11427 73 St.; T. Cranston, 12022 65 St.; P. Allison, 11415 101 St.; M. Palmer, 10547 127 St.; O. W. Elliott, Busby; W. Hutchinson, 11140 123 St.; F. F. Pielke, Vermilion; N. G. Livingstone, 11142 126 St.; C. Wampler, 10525 83 Ave.; W. Mair, 10620 123 St.; E. F. Guest, 10743 160 St.; A. G. Parton, Westlock; A. Stroud, 12734 124 St.; Harry Clift; S. Levine; W. M. Parker; E. P. Moran; J. P. Moran, 12803 104 Ave.; J. Sandiland; A. Maxy; B. C. Davison; C. Kinross; W. J. Hill; J. Saunders; George Brodie; A. L. Smith; Jack Blewett; C. Matheson; Andy Black; Mose Williams; Norman Cook; John Morris; A. Armstrong; Bob Pearson; Colonel A. H. Elliott; F. Lunn; J. W. H. Williams; A. A. Doncaster; Harry White; George Woodburn; J. A. Edwards, 10714 110 St.; H. C. Freeman, 11942 81 St.; Bill Gavin, 11837 128 St.; Jack Pattison, 11520 97 St.; George Low, 11114 125 St.; Alex Thompson, 11915 123 St.; Dick Stevens.

#### Things We Would Like to Know

If the attendance was not an agreeable surprise, especially the number who arrived from outside points through all the snow drifts?

If the boys who were called upon to make speeches on behalf of the outside burghs, didn't nobly respond? If probably the refreshment didn't help to overcome their native shyness and modesty?

Whether the Band and Orchestra are not able to put just that right amount of "Pep" into the affair?

If the committee men are not mistaken for walking encyclopedias, the number of awkward and at times embarrassing question they are asked?

Whether the troops are not to be congratulated on the way they pay up their dues?

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## Second Annual Dinner, Edinburgh Branch

(Note—Bad bold Fortyniners, I have a confession to make. As Secretary of the Branch I undertook to write a report of our second Annual Dinner, held on 12th January last. I said I would take shorthand notes of the speeches. However, I now find myself somewhat in the position of the newspaper reporter—an old and experienced hand—who, having been deputed to report Lloyd George on some important occasion for the first time, suddenly realised at the end of the speech that, so engrossed had he been with the oratory of the Welsh Wizard, he had not taken a single note. Truth to tell, the dinner was half way over before it occurred to me that a record of the proceedings would be called for by our President. On the back of my programme I see there are a few strange marks which a blind man might mistake for shorthand, but really I can't make much of them. "Darn suspicious!" sez you. "You're darn right!" sez I. However, the President demands my report. So here it is, and he'll probably give me hell about it.)—Ernie Sharp.

The Second Annual Dinner of the Edinburgh Branch was a great success. It was indeed a great pleasure to us all to meet once again under the presidency of Private James McD. Scott. It was the same old James McD. but a James McD. with a restraint and dignity that did honour to, and made us feel proud of, our Regiment. Somehow in some subtle way he seemed to make us all realize that we were indeed greatly privileged to be present at a Re-union held under the name of the old 49th Battalion, and I can assure you that we should demand a most outrageous transfer fee if any other Branch ever tried to steal our President away from us.

Immediately behind our President there was hung a full-length portrait of the General—a photograph with a history, for it was swiped by Jimmy Primrose from some canteen or billet. Seeing we cannot have our much respected former Commanding Officer with us in person, Jimmy has donated this portrait to the Branch, and as long as our Branch exists a place of honour will be given to this much treasured possession.

We were a company of ten, all ex-service men. The 49ers present were:—

- 432201 Pte. J. McD. Scott.
- 432110 Sgt. Jimmy Primrose.
- 432997 Pte. J. C. McArthur.
- 433041 Sgt. Ernie Sharp.

Our guests and honorary members were:—

- Sgt. E. R. Auld, (2/1 Lothian & Border Horse).
- Cpl. A. Eadie (Royal Artillery).
- Lt. G. Graham (Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders).
- Capt. D. M. McCubbing (11th South Staffs).
- Lieut. G. L. Smith, (7th Bn. Gordon Highlanders).
- Capt. H. Ballingall Watson, M.O. (12th Argyll & Suth. Highlanders).

The Dinner began at 7 p.m. and we did not rise from the table (no, brother, no; not from under the table) till 2 a.m.

The speech of the evening was made by Captain McCubbing in proposing the Toast of the 49th. The important part played by Canada in the Great War, he said, was sometimes apt to be overlooked. Six months after the outbreak of war 20,000 Canadians were in France; by August, 1915, there were 37,000

Canadians in the field; by June, 1916, 74,000; and towards the end of the war no less than 420,000 Canadians had served in France. It was indeed a distinct honour and privilege to him to give the Toast of a fighting battalion which had been in many of the most important engagements and in the hottest spots in France and Flanders, a battalion whose casualties were seventy-five per cent of their total enlistment. A battalion with an esprit-de-corps such as was obvious from his acquaintance with the original 49ers present must have been blessed with valiant leaders. Of course he had no personal knowledge of the officers of the 49th, but he thought that one could glean some insight by listening to those who had served under them. Obviously there were two outstanding personalities, namely, Colonel (now Major-General) Griesbach, and the late Major Justus D. Wilson who would always be affectionately remembered as "Steady 'D' ". Perhaps we might all learn a lesson from that phrase "Steady 'D' ". Some of us had come through rather trying times during the past year and had sometimes felt almost at breaking point. At such times of crisis it was well for us if we could remember the old Major's command, "Steady 'D' ".

"I have been told," continued Captain McCubbing, "that when the old war-worn Major was leaving France, he sent for our President—his "D" Company soldier, the soldier with the many, many 'crimes' on his sheet, and, telling him that he, the Major, was being returned to Canada because of old age, he bade him an affectionate farewell. I am told also that the Major and the Private both forgot the impassable Army gulf of rank that lay between them and almost softened into tears. Surely that speaks volumes for the happy relations between the officers and the men of the battalion we are privileged to toast tonight. Then, gentlemen, what of the men of the 49th? Well, all I need say is that we guests and honorary members are content to judge of their worthiness from our intimate knowledge of the four 49ers here present. And now, gentlemen, I ask you to charge your glasses and to rise with me and toast the 49th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force."

The President, replying to the Toast, said he was greatly touched by the reference that had been made to his old Company Commander—a real soldier and a real gentleman. He had given the Major a good deal of trouble, but any punishment the Major had ever awarded had been handed out most reluctantly and, incidentally, had been well deserved. He recalled the incidents of his parting with the Major, and related a few characteristic episodes in his relations with the well-beloved "Steady 'D' ". Captain McCubbing, he thought, was an orator of no mean attainments and the Edinburgh Branch was proud to have him as an Honorary Member.

The next toast on the list was "Our Guests". This was proposed by the Branch Secretary, and, as he ain't no good at speaking, he had it all written out. So we've swiped the copy of his notes. Now lads, this is what that Secretary guy said. (Slash it, Mr. Editor, slash it!).

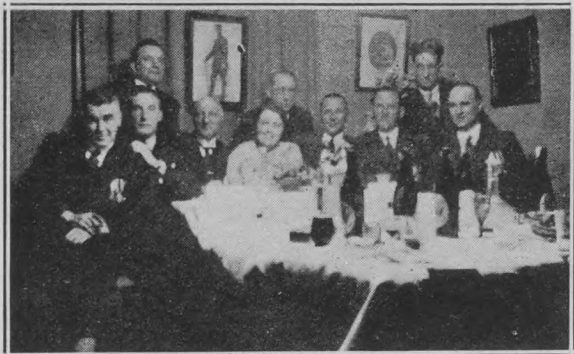
"We are indeed greatly honoured by the presence of our guests. They are all ex-service men, ex-members of old and famous British regiments



and Units whose history is interwoven with the history of the British Empire.

"Most of our guests and honorary members are gentlemen who have held His Majesty's Commission; which leads me to say that it may seem strange to them that at the head of the table there sits one whose rank was what was vulgarly known as that

## HAPPY GROUP AT SHARP'S HOME



Left to right: Sgt. E. J. Sharp, 49th Battalion Canadians; Capt. Ballingall Watson, M.O., 12th Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders; Private J. McD. Scott, 49th Battalion Canadians; Capt. W. McIntosh McCubbing, 11th So. Staffs; Mrs. Scott; Lieut. G. Graham, Argyle & Sutherland Highlanders; E. R. Auld, 2/1 L.&B.H.; George L. Smith, 7th Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders; Sgt. Primrose, 49th Battalion Canadians. Acting Sgt. James C. McArthur, 49th Battalion Canadians. Another member of the party was Alfred Eadie, a corporal in the 160th Seige Battery. Note the full length picture in the background of the original commanding officer. No attention should be paid to the numerous bottles adorning the table.

of full buck private. Now, whilst I would ask our guests to regard that as a typical example of the democratic spirit of the Dominions, I ought also to let them into a secret about our President's rank. Not for one moment do I believe that he left the Army with the honorable distinction of having been 'once a Private always a Private'. No, gentlemen, I have heard latrine rumours that he was once or twice—or thrice—elevated to the honorable rank of Sergeant. However, be that as it may, his rank changed so rapidly—for various reasons which, being obvious, it is quite unnecessary for me, and indeed it would be impolite of me, to mention)—that in the end one found it much more convenient to err on the side of eventual accuracy and call him 'Private Scott'."

At this point the President intervened to say that while apologising for the interruption he felt it his duty to remind the company that two men of his rank in the Battalion had won the V.C.

"Nevertheless," continued the Secretary, "Private, or Sergeant, or General Scott—and whichever it may be we do not really know—is in the Chair tonight simply because we think he is most capable of filling it. It may also strike you as strange, gentlemen, that so small an organization as the Edinburgh Branch of the 49th Battalion Association should be ambitious enough to stage a Dinner. True, we are a small organization, very small; and necessarily so when one remembers that our parent body function some six thousand miles away. But small though we may be, I think we may truthfully claim

that we are a most representative body, for we do represent a very powerful unit that played a not inglorious part in the course of events in France and Flanders from 1915 to 1918."

The Reply to "Our Guests" was made by Captain H. Ballingall Watson, M.O., who was in the war right from the start and saw lots of service in France, Salonika and elsewhere; he was on the 'Transylvania' when she was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and ran the whole gamut of active service. "I look upon it as a great honour," he said, to be invited as a guest to the dinner of the Edinburgh Branch of the 49th Canadians. I think the British Nation can never be proud enough of the men who gave up everything and came six thousand miles to help their mother-country." The Doctor then entertained the company with stories of some of his experiences on active service. When in relating an incident that had occurred in Italy he casually mentioned that by some mistake or other he had been arrested, our President at once rose in sympathy and shook him warmly by the hand!

The Toast of "The Edinburgh Branch" was proposed by Lieut Graham. In the course of his remarks he told us that after having been stitched up a bit in Blighty, he was on his way back to the front line, and that at some station in France he had the misfortune to be made Train Orderly Officer. The O.C. Train, an old pukka Colonel, addressed him thus: "Lieutenant, if it weren't for those damned Canadians your duties would be light. They're the only people who make my life here unpleasant. If you can only keep them from riding on top of the carriages I'll recommend you for promotion!"

Jimmy Primrose then took the field and suitably replied to the previous Toast. He said he'd rather throw a bomb than throw a speech. The Secretary believes that Jimmy told rather a good story (but, have a heart, lads, we were then well into next morning!).

The President, in a brilliant speech, then proposed the Toast of "Major-General W. A. Griesbach". (I wish I could remember it all, Mr. Editor, but really you've got to make allowances). "Our original Commanding Officer," he said, "was a man who understood men; he was a man who could handle men. He always exercised the hand of leniency, and no one is better fitted to speak of that great gift of his than Private James McD. Scott who had forty odd 'crimes' on his sheet. But I never had the experience of taking a punishment from the General that was unfair or unmerited. The General, like our Secretary, was a wise man—he married a Scots lady!"

We then had some very pawky remarks from McArthur, who, being gifted with a fine wit, told us some story about barrels of beer which, dammit, has escaped the memory of this recording angel.

Lieut. Smith of the Gordons said that it had been very refreshing to him to have attended a function permeated with that spirit of comradeship that had prevailed in the trenches. (He said a lot more, Mr. Editor, but that good-for-nothing Secretary ain't able to read his notes.)

Sgt. Auld also entertained us with a rattling good speech. He told us the story of two soldiers in a London tube, who, having reached the happy stage of obstinate argument, spotted a fellow in clerical garb at the far end of the compartment. "I'll bet you five bob," said one, "that that's the

Archbishop of Canterbury," "Done," says the other, "now you go and find out."

"Excuse me, mister," said the first soldier, approaching the parson and asking him point-blank, "but are you the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

Said the parson, "What the b..... h..... has that got to do with you?"

Going back to his pal the soldier says, "Here, mate, the bet's off. He won't say one way or the other."

The last speaker was Corporal Eadie, who told us some funny yarn about a well-tattooed Canadian who said he'd been sitting on the Kaiser and Little Willie for several years.

Now, lads, the tale is ended. But just to show that we were all O.K. and in our right minds, listen to this. On the motion of Capt. McCubbing, seconded (hic) by the Branch Secretary, it was unanimously resolved that Private James McD. Scott be our Branch President for the ensuing year; and in conclusion the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" with great gusto and—mark you—without slurring the words.

## MURRAY AND SALMON DULWICH COLLEGE BOYS

R. H. Darke, a former member of the 49th, possesses a book issued by Dulwich College called "Dulwich College War Record, 1914-1919". Contained in this book is the record of all Dulwich College boys killed in action, including two Sergeants, Murray and Salmon who were with the 49th. R. H. Darke himself was educated at Dulwich. There were five Dulwich V.C.'s including Rear Admiral Gordon Campbell of the Mystery Ship fame.

The following items concerning Sergeants Murray and Salmon are reprinted from the Dulwich College record:

Sergeant Christopher Desmond Murray (49th Battalion); Born June 28th, 1889. He was in the first XI in 1905 and 1906, winning the Average Ball the former year. After leaving Dulwich he went to Canada and was engaged in farming at Chigwell in Alberta for eight years. He joined up in January, 1915, and came over with the Second Canadian Contingent in September, 1915, proceeding to France a month later. He took part in the third battle of Ypres and was present at Sanctuary Wood on the Somme and at Vimy Ridge without receiving a scratch. He had been promised a commission and expected shortly to be sent home on that account. However on the 28th of October, 1917, his battalion went back into the line and on the next day they went over the top at Passchendaele. Acting as Company Sergeant Major he was badly hit and died on the following day as he had lived, with a smile on his face and a cheery word. He was mentioned in dispatches for his work in connection with the Alberta Regiment.

Sergeant Robert Swanie Salmon (49th Battalion). Born Sept. 15th, 1893. When in school in the D.C.V.R.C. he was the smartest of N.C.O.'s. In 1903 he went to Canada being engaged until 1911 most of the time with the Sturgeon Lake Lumber Company. He then went to Fort Smith, North West Territories to help start the Government Indian Agency and Experimental Farm. He did not hear there was a war in progress until the end of 1914 and it was not until February, 1915, that he was

## TWO STALWARTS OF "A" COMPANY



Left to right: E. O. Anderson, C.Q.M.S.; Corporal E. Cogswell, D.C.M., both originals. Anderson subsequent to the time this picture was taken became C.S.M. and later Lieutenant. He is a railway mail clerk and resides in Calgary. Corporal Cogswell was recommended for the V.C. for gallantry in bringing Major "Ronnie" Arthurs out of the line after the latter had been severely wounded in the 2nd of June, 1916, scrap. He is now farming west of Didsbury.

able to get away. It took him over two weeks by dog team and sledge to reach Edmonton, Alberta, where he enlisted in the 51st Canadian Infantry Battalion and eventually reached England in September, having attained the rank of Corporal. He proceeded to France the following month with the 49th Battalion, and strange to say when up in the line for the first time for instructions opposite Messines he met his brother whom he had not seen for thirteen years serving with the 7th Battalion in the first line trenches. In March, 1917, with the rest of the Canadians he moved North to the Ypres Salient, the 49th holding the line round Hooze and he was killed there on June 4th, 1917, while leading his platoon in a counter attack.

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## COLONEL H. M. URQUHART TO PREPARE CURRIE BIOGRAPHY

Making a tour of the west for the purpose of collecting first-hand information in preparing a biography of the late General Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian corps in France during the world war, Col. H. M. Urquhart, D.S.O., M.C., of Victoria, B.C. was in Edmonton early in January, a guest of General and Mrs. Griesbach.

Col. Urquhart is a distinguished officer, having commanded the 43rd battalion, Cameron Highlanders of Winnipeg, on the western front where he also served as brigade major under Major Gen. Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., of this city.

Col. Urquhart's life was saved during the battle of Amiens, in August, 1918, by the presence of mind and gallantry of a stretcher-bearer.

The instance is one of the few known to medical practice and is regarded as outstanding by noted war surgeons.

### Remarkable Deed

During the thick of the battle when the enemy were laying down a heavy barrage, Col. Urquhart was struck by a piece of shell which severed a sub-clavian artery in the neck. Such a wound is regarded in most cases as fatal.

A stretcher-bearer, Howard McKnight, of Winnipeg, rushed to his colonel's aid despite the heavy artillery and machine gun fire. To check the flow of blood from the severed artery, he applied the pressure of his hands for a period of three-quarters of an hour until forceps were brought and medical attention given the wounded officer who later was removed to hospital at Rouen.

For his heroic work, McKnight was given a war decoration. He is now living in Winnipeg where he is in business. Ever since the war, the colonel has kept in touch with McKnight who is highly regarded in Winnipeg.

The colonel went overseas with the 16th battalion, and in Dec., 1917, was appointed to the command of the 43rd which post he held until he was wounded at Amiens.

For some years, Col. Urquhart has been living at Victoria, B.C., endeavoring to regain his health and again take up business. Some years ago, he compiled a history of the 16th battalion.

### Aided By Government

In preparing a biography of Sir Arthur Currie, Col. Urquhart has available for his purposes all the official records of the dominion government and records in the possession of the Currie family.

He has undertaken the work on behalf of a committee composed of representatives of the board of governors of McGill University, of which Sir Arthur Currie was chancellor, and the Canadian corps.

### FIRST EDITOR OF THE FORTY NINER

John Lawson Ward "Joe", Regimental No. 432502 enlisted the first day of recruiting, Jan. 4th, 1915. He was posted to twelfth platoon "C" Company. He was discharged June 28th, 1919. He is a cabinet maker and resides at 313 6th Street, New Westminster, B.C. He is Honorary Secretary of the British Columbia Branch of the Forty Ninth organized this Spring. Ward was editor of the first magazine published by the Forty Ninth Battalion Overseas, and as such the present magazine will expect frequent contributions from him.

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# H. O. W. —By Ben Davison

## CHAPTER 3

The German soldiers told me about a chap who had left the ward just before I came in. He was German, but had spent his life, until his fourteenth year, in Boston, Mass. Then the war broke out and his parents brought him back to Germany. He was now old enough to go into the army, and had just been called up. They told me he would be back in a few days to see them. Well, he came one day, and he was tickled to death to see someone from America. He was entirely American in education and sympathies and felt pretty sick about having to serve in the German army. I was certainly sorry for him, as he was one unhappy kid. He was only about seventeen years old. He came back to see me several times after that, and was always asking me if there wasn't some way he could get out of it. Of course I could not advise him. I often wonder what happened to him.

I was in hospital for seven or eight weeks before my throat tests cleared up and I was let out. I had enjoyed the easy time there, but it was getting wearisome and I was hankering to see a Britisher again, so I was not sorry when a guard arrived to take me back to the old commando. But I was due for a disappointment. During the time I was away all the other Britishers had been transferred, some back to camp and others to different commandos. When I arrived I found I was a lone Britisher among about three hundred of the other nationalities. However, I soon chummed up with several of the Frenchies and Russians and made the best of it.

I was sent out to work with a produce and provision merchant this time. He was a Jew, named Mueller, and owned several small stores around the city, and he handled large quantities of potatoes and fodder. My job was unloading these things from the freight cars in the railway yards, and helping with the delivery of them throughout the city. It was pretty hard work but after I got back into shape again I didn't mind it. I always enjoyed going around the city on the delivery end of it. I became fairly well acquainted with Frankfort in this way, and found it to be a very beautiful city. Most of the streets are wide and well kept, with many beautiful buildings and lovely parks.

There was a Frenchman on the job with me then, and before the end of the war there were five or six of us working for Herr Mueller. Our working day was from 7 a.m. when one of Mueller's men called for us, until 6 p.m., when we were delivered back to our barrack.

There was a row of nine or ten bunks built up on the stage at the end of the building we were living in. These being unoccupied when I came back, I took up my abode there. The bunks stood along the edge of the stage. There was a table behind them, so I had quite a private little place of my own. Soon after I arrived I got acquainted with a Russian who was the commando cobbler. He stayed in the barrack cobbling shoes, and therefore we were able to arrive at a mutually beneficial arrangement. In the evening I drew from my stock the provisions for the next day's meals and gave them to him. He prepared my meals and looked after my bunk and

living quarters for me, and he had his meals with me out of my stock. Now that I had access to a large supply of spuds, along with my parcels, I had no more worries about the food supply, and we never suffered any shortage while in Frankfort.

During the time that I was alone, that is to say, the only Britisher in our commando in Frankfort, I naturally chummed up with some of the Frenchies, as well as some of the Ruskies. It became the custom to have one's picture taken on a postcard, and to exchange these with friends. I have quite a collection of these from both French and Russians. I got along very well with them and made some real friends, but even at that it was sure a lonesome time until some more of my own kind arrived.

As I have already said I was sleeping up on the stage away from the rest of the outfit, with a private table to have my meals on, and altogether I enjoyed a privacy in my living quarters which was denied to the others, who were all living so close together in the main body of the building. Some of the Russians used to come up, on Sunday evenings, and use my table for their card games. I didn't mind that until one night a bit of a scrap arose between a couple of them and one heaved a bottle at the head of the other. The bottle missed the man and smashed against the wall. I chased them down off the stage, and they never came back. I suppose they found some other location where they could enjoy their fights in peace.

It was six or eight weeks before any other Britishers arrived. Then there were two Irishmen came, Pat Cronin and Matt Thornton. Later, there were three Englishmen added to our company, Frank Doyle, G. W. Spooner—the name of the other chap has slipped my memory. That brought our bunch up to six, which was all we ever had to our commando. The two Irishmen had been taken in '14. The others were all new as prisoners of war. In spite of the fact that they had been so long in the country neither of the Irishmen had much command of the German language, so it fell to my lot to be official interpreter for the gang.

I was the first prisoner to be employed by Mueller, the provision merchant, but later there was a Pole sent with me and then a little Frenchman was put on with us. The Frenchie was a bit weak in the head, in fact not much better than a half wit, though a friendly little chap at that. However, he seemed to take great delight in trying to get the Pole mad. The Pole was a very dour sort of a chap and didn't like having fun poked at him. I had quite a job trying to keep peace between them whenever we were working together. One day the Pole got real mad and chased the Frenchie. The Frenchie, who was no stronger physically than he was mentally, fell off the loading platform we were working on, landing flat on his face, with the Pole on top of him. I got kind of sore at the way the Pole was lacing into him so I took a hand in it myself, until the German who was with us pulled me off. I am not much of a fighter. In fact I don't like fighting at all, but the Pole got my goat by paying attention to a half wit that he could have broken in pieces, so I handed him a couple that gave him a black eye and a crooked nose for a few days. Later on one of the Pole's friends came along and



started in bawling me out for butting in on a fight where he said I had no business. I finally had to offer him a dose of the same before he would lay off. I wasn't popular with the Polish party after that, but, on the other hand, the poor little Frenchie, who had been scared completely out of his little wits, couldn't do enough for me. He took to doing my washing for me, and I could always get all the French biscuits I wanted, after that.

## BRITISH P.O.W.'s AT FRANKFORT



This picture which Ben Davison, the author of the accompanying final instalment of this exceptionally interesting story of his experiences as prisoner of war, has furnished us with, was taken in the summer of 1918.

Left to right: Matt Thornton, a regular in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was taken prisoner in 1914; Ben Davison; Frank Doyle; a Red Cross Man, whose name has slipped Davison's memory and who was captured at Bailleul when the Fifth Army gave way; Spooner, taken prisoner at the same time; Cronin, the very handsome man at the right, a regular in the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who was taken prisoner in 1914 at the same time as Thornton.

When my British companions arrived they told me I was lucky that I hadn't succeeded in my effort to get back to Giessen. They told me that during the Winter the Flu' had taken hold and the prisoners were dying by the dozens every day. All available space was being used for the sick, and the dead were being buried in long trenches. Instead of trying to stay in camp now, those who were there were glad of the chance to get out. That was the first I had heard of the Flu' epidemic, and it was quite a shock to hear of the ravages in camp. It is a surprising fact that the epidemic passed over our commando very lightly. During that Summer, 1918, most of us had it but in a mild form, and there were no deaths from it, to my knowledge at least, among the 250 or more that were there.

There was one French sergeant died in the late Summer. I forget what carried him off, but it wasn't the Flu'. However he had rather worn himself out and was an easy prey for whatever it was that finally got him. He had spent too many nights out, as we all knew. The courtyard into which our barrack opened was also the yard of an apartment house, next door. The French sergeant had gotten chummy with a lady who lived in the apartment house. Her husband was at the front, and he got spending the odd night with her and, finally, he went up nearly every night. His way out of the barrack, after dark, was very simple. Our wash-room windows looked into the yard. They were

barred, of course, but more for looks than utility because the bars were only screwed on to the outside of the window frame, and were quite easily undone. I suppose the sergeant enjoyed himself while it lasted but it finally got him only a few weeks before the Armistice.

No one ever tried to escape from that commando that I ever heard of, easy as it was to get out of the building. A prisoner would have very little chance of going far through the streets of the city without being picked up.

There was very little excitement for us that summer. Time moved on quite uneventfully, except that the air raids, which I have already mentioned, became very frequent, and we came to expect them almost every fine day, as well as during the nights. One night the city received quite a pounding, the worst raid we had. The Archies of the city defences were going full blast and it sounded like a real bombardment, but we could make out the thud of the bombs hitting in spite of the din of the guns, and each bomb was greeted with a huge roar from the whole commando. The guards were at their wits end trying to keep us quiet, and in particular trying to keep us from striking matches to light cigarettes. We had quite an enjoyable time for fifteen or twenty minutes.

We did have some really enjoyable times, though, especially when the Russians, many of whom were Jews, had some occasion to celebrate. Wherever there are half-a-dozen Ruskies you will find a guitar or a concertina, or both, and they are always making music. Some of their music is the most mournful imaginable, but some of their dance music is full of pep.

When they had some Russian or Jewish holiday to celebrate, they usually had a concert or dance, or both, and they were worthwhile occasions too. There was one tall fellow who said he had been in an opera company in Moscow before the war and he was a sure enough singer. He used to sing some of the Italian opera stuff in Italian. The Italian prisoners said his pronunciation and accent were perfect, yet he didn't understand a word of what he sang, and was doing it solely by rote. Then there were several dancers among them who were better than the ordinary. One was especially good, a Jew by the name of Clembat. He could sure do these high up and low down Russian dances like nobody's business. When he leaped from a squatting position he went over the heads of the on-lookers, cracking his heels half-a-dozen times before he hit the floor again, to go into all the whirls and skips and swings imaginable. Those were good times.

Several of the Ruskies worked in a slaughter house. They were all tall stout fellows, being well fed on their job. They very often smuggled in a few steaks when they returned home in the evenings. I used to trade some of my smuggled spuds for some of their meat.

One night they were caught with the goods as they entered the yard. The German sergeant in charge of us, a peppery little man about five feet nothing, gave them a terrible bawling out, getting hotter all the time as he went on( finally ending up by kicking them in the pants and grabbing the meat for himself. It was a real comedy to see four fellows, all over six feet, running from that little runt, and trying to get through the door with the least kicks possible. I think I have already explained the kind of work I was doing at this time, and that we travelled all over the city delivering spuds and

other produce. When midday found us in another part of the city, far from our commando, we were taken to a cafe for dinner. In the cafe we used to meet some Irishmen from one of the other commandos. Occasionally they would manage to slip me a bundle of copies of the London Times. They were several weeks old, of course, but were none the less welcome. When we were through with them we would carry them with us until we had a chance to pass them along to someone else. They were received first by an English woman, the wife of a German, and she cached them in some spot where one of the men in one of the several commandos was able to get them.

I met two English women, wives of Germans one day. I took a notion to accompany a group of Frenchmen on a church parade to a Catholic chapel one Sunday. When the service was over two ladies paused for a moment and spoke to me, on their way out. They were pulling for our side, but were so afraid of being seen speaking to me that they barely whispered a few words of greeting as they went by.

That brings to mind another occasion when a group of us was spoken to by an unknown civilian. It was during one of our trips. We were standing on a station platform waiting for a train and a man strolled slowly along past us. As he passed he said, "Keep your chin up, fellows." He spoke in a very low voice and without stopping. As we turned to speak to him he said, "Don't speak to me," in the same low voice. We often wondered if he was an English spy.

A large part of our work was unloading produce in the railway yards. I met an odd character there. He was a German who knew something about the world outside Germany from first hand. He was apparently a little touched in the upper story, and I never could get out of him whether he had really travelled a lot, or had only studied a lot of geography. But when he found out I was a Canadian he immediately began to reel of the names of half the cities in Canada and U.S. After that, every time he caught sight of me, even if half a block away, he would shout at the top of his voice, "MONTreal, QUEbec, VANcouver . . ." and so on, always with heavy accent on the first syllable. He evidently got a great kick out of talking, or even mentioning the names of places the other fellows had never heard of.

Sometime towards the end of October we began to hear talk of the Revolution. At first we were rather inclined to laugh at anything so unheard of as a revolt among the well disciplined and sternly

ruled peoples of Germany, particularly in the Military and Naval branches. But events soon proved that there was certainly something in the wind. A young corporal of our guard told me one day that there had been a raid carried out the night before against the barracks of an artillery regiment, and the regiment was disarmed by a group of revolting soldiers. Another regiment, on its way to entrain for the front, stopped for a rest, then refused to move on when ordered to do so. When their officers tried to force them into obedience some of them were shot. The rest were placed under guard and the battalion returned to barracks. Then we began to hear news of the revolt in the Navy. It appeared that the Marines were the prime movers in the revolution at this time, and the revolutionary leaders in the inland cities were only waiting for a contingent of them to arrive before breaking into open revolt against the constituted authorities.

The civilians of Frankfort, at least all those with whom I came in contact, were in favor of the Revolution. They were of the working class, of course, and were in favor of anything which would break the grip of the militarist class and bring a speedy end to the war. They carried on as usual and went about their business but there was an undercurrent of excitement, and everyone was expectantly awaiting the arrival of the Marines.

Finally the Marines arrived and took things in hand. The city was placed under Martial Law, the people were ordered to be indoors at nine p.m. on pain of arrest or worse. Councils of soldiers and workers were formed to control the city, which they did with a stern hand. Rioting or pillaging was put down wherever it was encountered. We were told that several looters were summarily executed when caught red handed. However, there appeared to be very little bloodshed in Farnkfort. As all the troops there were in favor of the revolters there was no armed resistance at all, except in the case of some of the officers who refused to give up their arms and their ranks peaceably. All regimental officers were deprived of their ranks, except those who were personally acceptable to the men, and their places filled by promotions from the ranks.

In spite of the comparatively peaceable aspect of the Revolution in Frankfort, there was considerable gun fire to be heard. The streets were patrolled by lorry loads of sailors and soldiers, especially at night, and they went tearing about through the street shooting their rifles and revolvers into the air and generally making quite a racket about it. The only real fight, that I ever heard about, was on

(Continued on Page 40)

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## "Silver Seventh" Church Parade

Lieut. R. P. Ottewell, now resident in Toronto where he is practicing law, sends us the following account of the first annual Church Parade of the Seventh Canadian Infantry Brigade:

"The Seventh Canadian Infantry Brigade of the Canadian Expeditionary Force held its first annual church parade at as unit on Sunday, June 23rd, in St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bloor St., W., Toronto. The Brigade fell in at Queens Park Cres., just north of the Ontario Legislative Buildings; marched north on Avenue Road to Bloor St., thence East on Bloor Street to the Church, which was about a mile and a quarter from the point at which the Brigade fell in. Quite far enough for some of the veterans, as several who did the march, had leg amputations.

"The Brigade was commanded by our own Maj.-Gen. Griesbach, who came from Ottawa for the occasion. The old members of the Brigade were very happy to see the General, and our own Forty-Ninth men were as enthusiastic as school boys. Some of them had not seen the General since they had left France. The parade was about one hundred and twenty strong. There were about thirty Forty-Niners in it, which was a fair showing for the Forty-Ninth, having regard to the lesser numbers of Forty-Niners residing in Ontario and the immediate vicinity of Toronto. The parade movements were well carried out, and the Brigade representation looked smart and soldierly, wearing French Blue Berets, (the colours of the old Third Division); Regimental Badges and Arm Bands bearing war-time battalion colours with a small maple leaf pinned on them. Medals and decorations were also worn. The semblance of uniformity has the very desirable effect of assisting in the observance of military usages, which the veteran is very proud of.

"The service at St. Paul's was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Renison, who rendered a very inspiring address on the subject of 'Prayer'. After the service, the Brigade was drawn up in front of the church and dismissed by the General, whose strong familiar voice brought back memories of other parades which are now history.

"The members of the Brigade then intermingled, swapping yarns, and recalling instances. It was quite dark before the groups had totally dispersed."

### EASTERN BRANCH

Cecil R. Jones, the secretary of the Eastern Branch 49th Association reports the Eastern Branch has held several meetings since the Corps Reunion. One meeting was held in the new half million dollar armoury in Toronto. This meeting was particularly well attended by men from Hamilton and in consequence the Branch returned the compliment and held the next meeting at Hamilton on June 29th. Mr. Jones makes reference to the fact that a new Canadian Corps Association has been formed, the purpose of which is to permit the boys to get together through the medium of their own Battalion organizations. It also has the Navy, Imperials and Air Force affiliated. The Corps Association held its First Annual Church Parade on Sunday, May 26th, at the same place the Corps Reunion Church Parade was held last year, Riverdale Park, Toronto. It was again a wonderful sight, 15,000 veterans and

### Group Eastern Branch Forty Niners



This picture was taken on the occasion of the recent first annual church parade of the Seventh Brigade held in Toronto

Back row, left to right: Bethany; I. W. Anderson; Thomas, (Oshawa); Lieut. Ottewell; T. Turner.

Front row, left to right: Chapman; Bottaro; Jones (Niagara on the Lake); Dobson; Jones, Secy. Eastern Branch 49th Battalion Association.

about 75,000 people lining the banks of this natural amphitheatre, a nice day and a fine service. The following was the programme:

1935

Canadian Corps Drumhead Service  
Sunday, May 26th, at 2:30 p.m. E.D.S.T.  
Riverdale Park, Toronto, Ontario.  
Brig.-General C. L. Hervey, D.S.O.  
General Officer Commanding

Officiating Chaplains:

Major The Rev. H. F. D. Woodcock and  
Capt. The Rev. S. E. Lambert, O.B.E.

Order of Service

1. Hymn, "Unto the Hills Do I Lift Up Mine Eyes.
2. Opening Sentences, General Confession, The Lord's Prayer (in unison).
3. Hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers".
4. Scripture Lesson
5. Prayers. For the King and Empire.
6. Hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee".
7. Address.
8. Reading The Oath (in unison).
9. All present to place their right hand over their heart and say:  
"We here assembled, most solemnly and reverently declare our belief and faith in Almighty God and re-affirm our allegiance and loyalty to our King and Country".
10. Hymn, "Abide With Me".
11. The Silence of Remembrance.
12. Last Post. Reveille.
13. National Anthem. Benediction.

The Seventh Brigade Unit of the Corps Association held its first Church Parade at St. Paul's, Bloor Street East, on Sunday, June 23rd.

Lieut. now Major, T. W. Greenfield and Mr. McGirr have been appointed Branch Representatives at Hamilton and Niagara Falls respectively.

The known Forty Niners to receive the Jubilee Medal are James Moxford, James Shearman, Cecil R. Jones.

## Vancouver Branch, 49th Bn. Association

After many moons Vancouver, as Headquarters of the B.C. Branch of the Forty Ninth Battalion Association, has for her very own an organization which honors and reveres the old fighting unit which twenty years ago made Edmonton say "Ah". Several attempts previously have been made to put the Forty Ninth Battalion (E.R.) Association among the active organizations of this fair city, but all failed until one, Jack Bowling, late of "B" Company got busy, spent a few dollars and called a meeting of all Forty Niners in the city. The meeting was held in the Canadian Legion Hall. The response was more than was hoped for. Many old Forty Niners answered the roll call, got on their feet and introduced themselves. Time has wrought devastating changes with some; the waistcoat is fuller, faces are changed, grey hairs and bald spots are evident, yet that wonderful spirit wrought among the old battalion is not one bit dulled. Should "Billy" call again the old faces would be there, somewhat faded, somewhat dull, but still ready to do their duty for the love of the old battalion.

Space will not permit the publication of all the old names on the mailing list but they can be obtained from your general secretary as he has the mailing list and we would extend a hearty invitation to any Forty Niner to visit us when he comes to the Hub of the Empire, Vancouver.

The initial meeting was called to order by J. Bowling at 8:15 p.m. April 13th, and the formalities of organization were proceeded with. J. Bowling was elected President. The occasion called for a formal speech. Emotion said otherwise. Emotion won and a few yarns of the old days served better than all the well turned phrases which might emanate from the lips of a Senator seeking more salary. The Secretary next elected said little but meant a lot. Anyhow, who wants to hear a lot of "Yap" when faces unseen for almost a score of years are before you? That was about all the business except the formation of an executive. But memories were refreshed, dim corners of the mind once again seeing the light. The battles of yore were refought, weary marches remarched, carrying parties, ration parties, sanitary fatigues and other tedious and sometimes shirked duties all again performed with "gusto". We learned who stole the rum at Sanctuary Woods (which particular time the raconteur did not state): who licked the stuffing out of the "C" Company Q.M.S. (what a shame to hit such a little fellow): who told the R.S.M. where he got off at?; who sneaked into the officers' mess and filched the larder (a new name for hard stuff); the name of the enemy spy (murdered by "A" Company sentries, the brutes) etc., etc., etc.

Of course there was a Scotchman present and he wanted to know where the "wee bawbees" were to come from. We passed the hat and collected enough to carry on with. The Scotchman immediately asked to be Treasurer. Anyhow we started on our way with a credit balance.

We use a register and this is signed at all meetings. This gives us a check on new comers and visitors. We have a very much alive executive and you will be hearing from them. They started well, met at the Secretary's house and cleaned out the cake box for him, yet did a lot of business in spite of a full tummy.

Officers elected: Hon. President, The Hon. W. A. Griesbach; President, Jack Bowling; 1st Vice President, Major Hardisty; 2nd Vice President, W.

C. Skinner; Chaplain, Rev. George Biddle (late 31st Battalion); Sergt. at Arms, George Waite; Sec.-Treas., John L. Ward. Committees: Executive, Reg. Deacon; Welfare, W. J. Whiteleg; Social, "Red" Thompson; Membership, W. Nelson; Liason Officer, J. Rule.

### A MOMENT FILLED WITH EMOTION AT CORPS REUNION

A letter received by J. W. H. Williams, from Ernest J. McGirr, who served in "A" Company, Forty Ninth Battalion, and who now is principal of the Collegiate Vocational Institute, Niagara Falls, Ontario, contains some interesting observations on the Canadian Corps Reunion in Toronto last summer, which have not previously been published.

He says, "When we reached the Coliseum, which seats about 17,000, we found it about three quarters full. Owing to the boisterous feelings of the troops, I wondered how Plunkett would put on a concert in that hulabaloo.

"The first number was an orchestral selection which drew our attention to the front. Then Plunkett stepped to the microphone and announced a tenor solo, and asked us to rise and face the rear. All lights went out, and there in the rear, brilliantly illuminated, was a replica of the Centotaph. The tenor sang "There is no Death", and as he finished the orchestra struck up softly, "Abide With Me". As one man that vast audience caught it up and sang it as I have never heard it sung before, and never expect to hear again. We sat down. Not one of the three of us spoke. We couldn't. Moreover I know of no words to fit. I don't think I have ever seen or heard anything so crowded with emotion, and for me it was the high point of the whole Reunion. I left for home next morning and got down to work.

"On January 5th we had our battalion dinner. I went from here and took Morris Deacon with me. The only other Fortyniner from here, Lt. R. C. Ames was unable to go. In Hamilton we picked up Lt. T. W. Greenfield and took him along. Only eighteen were at the dinner, and strangely nearly half of them were "A" Coy. Greenfield went home with I. W. Anderson for the night, and Deacon and I went out to get him next morning. There were so many things to talk about that it was almost noon before we got away from there. Anderson is planning a reunion in the Summer of old "A" Coy. men, as there seems to be quite a number in the vicinity?

"I notice in the last issue of the magazine an account of a funeral, at which one fortyniner, "Peppre" was present. If that is L. G. Peppre I sure would like to get his address or hear from him. He is one of my old pals, and we left him in England with the 'flu, and I never heard tell of him from that time until I found his name in the 'Forty-Niner'.

"Some of these summers, when the children get a little bigger, I hope to make a trip to Edmonton and renew old acquaintances. I doubt if I can visit England and France with the Pilgrimage but I haven't entirely given up hope."

McGirr closes with good wishes to Williams and also wishes to be remembered to any others of the old clan.

He has twenty-eight teachers and eight hundred pupils under his charge.



## My War Diary —By Thos. M. Mounsey

The author of this "War Diary" is Thomas M. Mounsey, who is a farmer at Sunset Prairie, B.C. The diary was compiled with the most infinite pains and is one of the most complete and intensely human interest documents ever brought to our attention. Mounsey very generously forwarded his manuscript to us and we in turn sent it along to Inar W. Anderson, D.C.M., who is now resident in Toronto, where he is the Canadian representative of the Italian Line of Steamships. Mr. Anderson very kindly edited and typed the manuscript, but as he says on referring to it, "I saw fit only on rare instances to make changes in the grammatic construction".

### CONCLUSION

On September 1st we came out of the line and billeted in a warehouse in Arras. There were a lot of French civilians living in Arras and they often had casualties from shell fire. The same day we left Arras and marched about seven miles to a camp at a little village near the railway. There we got our packs back that had been left at Sains. We got paid in the afternoon. Next morning they were soaking the drill to us as though it was time we had something to do. However, they let us have the afternoon to ourselves and supper was just about ready when we got a sudden call up the line again and we had to pack up and get on the march with out any supper.

The first Canadians were making a rapid advance. That was the reason I expect that we were ordered to move forward so suddenly. The road was crammed with traffic and we had a hard job to get through. At last we got into some dugouts and bivvies beyond Arras and had supper. As we approached Arras we met two columns of prisoners with, I think, over a thousand men in each of them. This looked good to us. September 4th we moved closer to the line and bivvied all night near a village.

September 5th we went into the line and took a position slightly behind a green ridge. There were no trenches, only small pits which I think had been dug with entrenching tools. There was one pit for each man to crawl into. All night we worked with out entrenching tools making the pits bigger. We were placed just far enough behind the top of the ridge so the the machine gun fire which was skimming the ridge would go over our heads. There was some shell fire but it was going nearer to the support line than to us. We had our rations issued to us before daylight and we were told that no man

must show himself above ground during the day. I had my breakfast and crawled into my hole which was now just long enough to lie down in. I kept still all day until in the afternoon a heavy thunder storm came on. It rained so heavily that in a few minutes my hole had a pool of water in it and I couldn't lie there any longer. Then I noticed that every one was out of his hole and standing on the top. We stood around until the rain stopped and then we baled the waer out of our holes with our mess tins and scraped the mud out with our entrenching tools and then lay down again.

The enemy didn't fire at us while we were on top so I suppose they didn't observe us. Perhaps they didn't want to be observed themselves.

The front side of the hill sloped gradually down to the Canal Du Nord and lay in full view of the German lines which was on the opposite side of the canal. Our officers thought that at night they would move us forward down the slope. Mr. Haimer, our platoon officers, went down the hill before it was properly dark and got sniped. Our stretcher bearer went out and carried him into our own lines on his back and he was afterwards carried out on a stretcher.

About ten o'clock that same night the Sergeant took the platoon forward down the slope of the hill. I was in charge of the gun and the gun crew as No. 1 had been sent out to take a course. We were given our new forward positions, really too close to the German outposts and machine gun postions for any of us to feel at ease. We got some shovels and began to dig in and of course it wasn't long until daylight then, in the beginning of September, so we hadn't any time to lose.

The enemy machine gun fire didn't bother us as it was going over our heads to the top of the ridge where we had been. We had one shovel for three men so we had to keep it going steadily to get a hole dug for the whole gun crew to crawl into before daylight.

At daybreak we crawled into the small hole we had dug, five men, a machine gun, ammunition, a whole box full of it, and our rations, all in that small hole. All packed in as compactly as a tin of sardines. There we crouched all day in the small hole. Talk about being cramped. How we longed for night to come again so that we could get up and stretch ourselves and make our little hole a bit bigger.

During the day a few shells dropped near us and they appeared to me to be coming from the right rear and they must have been our own shells, se we were under our own artillery fire.

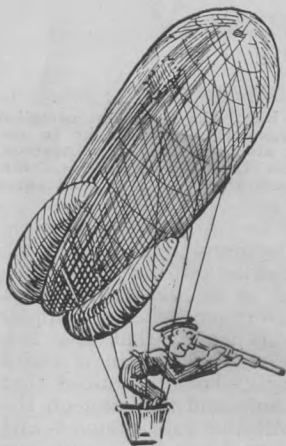
When darkness came again were were just getting ready to dig again when we were ordered to get ready to move off. As soon as we got everything together the platoon was moved to the left.

As the platoon Sergeant was taking us along to the new positions a few whizzbangs came from the rear, enfilading us on our left. As we moved

(Continued on Page 31)



THOS M. MOUNSEY  
author of "My War Diary" enlisted in the 82nd Battalion at Calgary, December 17th, 1915, joined the 49th on September 18th, 1916, on the Somme and was posted to "A" Company. This picture was taken at Hythe before he proceeded to France.



## Where is My Wandering Boy?

**Henry L. Holloway**, No. 432872, enlisted in the 49th Jan. 28th, 1915, and was posted to 9 platoon "B" Coy., later on transferring to the Scouts. He was twice slightly wounded during his service and was discharged, (in England) March 20th, 1919 after 4 years and 3 months service. He got his commission in the later phases of the war,

received several decorations, especially for his scout work. His reports were always of great help to his superiors, being always based on the actual facts of his findings. He has written articles for the magazine the last one being the follow up story for the Regina Trench operation, which appeared in the last issue of the Fortyniner. Holloway is at present at the Gold Coast, West Africa, working at his profession as mining engineer. He has a family of two, and his permanent mailing address is c/o Mining and Metallurgical Club, 3 London Wall Bldg., London, E.C. 2. Holloway is as modest as ever. He did not volunteer much information in answering the questionnaire. The editorial staff is responsible for most of the above.

**Herbert Abel Hiles**, No. 433046, enlisted in the 49th March 5th, 1915, and was posted to 10 platoon, "C" Coy. He saw active service in France and Belgium, and was wounded twice, receiving a rifle bullet wound in the body in 1916, and shrapnel wounds at Passchendaele, Oct., 1917. He was discharged Nov. 7th, 1919. He is residing temporarily at 4917 Del Monte Ave., Ocean Beach, Cal., U.S.A., but his permanent location is Vancouver, B.C. He is married. Hiles was in the Shaughnessy Hospital, Vancouver, along with Perry Barron last winter.

**Elmer L. Winter**, No. 100205, enlisted in the 66th Bn. July 1st, 1915. He joined the 49th June 10th, 1916, and was posted to 5 platoon, "B" Coy. During his service he was wounded twice, at Courcellette and Mont St. Eloi, and received his discharge May 19th, 1919. He is now a printer at Detroit, Mich., and resides at 15495 Westbrook. Married and has two girls, ages 7 and 9.

**Walker Lewis Taylor** (Major) No. 1904, enlisted August 11th, 1914 in the 19th Alberta Dragoons, and joined the 49th Bn. August, 1915, at Shorncliffe. He served with both "B" and "C" Companies. He received his discharge February 11th, 1919, after 4 years and 6 months service. He is employed as Petroleum Engineer, Box 173 Turner Valley, Alta. Married, and has a daughter 3 years, and son 2 years. Major Taylor was adjutant of the battalion for some time.

**Charles Duffield**, No. 101633, enlisted in the 66th Bn. Jan. 5th, 1916, and was drafted to the 49th June 8th, 1916, being posted to "C" Coy. He was wounded in the head at the Somme, Sept. 16th, 1916. He was discharged at Regina, April 9th, 1919, after 3 years, 3 months and 15 days service. He now farms at White Fox, Sask. Married and has one boy.

**Donald McNeil**, "Mac", No. 101505, enlisted in the 66th. Oct. 7th, 1915. He was posted to 12 platoon, "C" Coy. on joining the 49th in July, 1916. Mac was neither wounded nor sick, and received his discharge March 31st, 1919. He is a carpenter at Fairview, Alta. Married and has one boy and two girls.

**M. S. Caine**, No. 432581. For his nickname he says to ask Gen. Griesbach, or his batman, "Stubby" Foley. Martin enlisted in the 49th Bn. January 7th, 1915, and served with 13 and 16 platoons of "D" Coy. He was with the battalion continuously until he was wounded in Sept. 1916, and was in hospitals and the 21st reserve after that. Caine was also wounded in June, 1919. He received his discharge July, 1919. His civilian occupation is lumberman at Prince George, B.C. He is married and has 2 boys and 2 girls. Martin sends along news regarding the death of Hughie McKay, which will be as big a surprise to his old comrades as it was to us.

**Colin Kenneth Mackenzie**, "Mac" No. 463515, enlisted in the 62nd Bn. July 5th, 1915, and was transferred to the 49th at Mont St. Eloi in Oct., 1916, and posted to "D" Coy. Machine gun section (Colt). Later on he was with the signal and then the intelligence sections. He was wounded in the head at Vimy and evacuated to Boulogne base hospital for two months. He was then with the battalion for the duration. He received his discharge March 22nd, 1919, at Edmonton, after three years and eight months service. He is now a Sergeant with the B.C. Provincial Police at Prince George, B.C. Married and has two daughters, ages 7 and 4.

**W. E. Hallowes**, No. 432780, enlisted in the 49th January 1915, and was placed in the Grenadier platoon, (13) He was wounded four times. Hallowes received his discharge from the 49th in 1917 to go for a commission in the Imperials, and then served until the end of the war. He now farms at Peavine, Alta. Married and has a family of four boys. He asks how much a life membership costs. For the information of all, a Life Membership is \$15.00.

**Sigurd Goldbrenson**, "Goldie", No. 432595, enlisted in the 49th Bn. Jan. 4th, 1915, and was posted to 2 platoon, "A" Company. He served 4 years and 2 months, and received his discharge March, 1919. During his service in France he was buried, and suffers from heart trouble. He farms at R.R.1, Fairview, Alta. He wishes to be remembered to George Gleave. The following two ex-members were resurrected by Goldie; Cecil (Bud) Fintie, and Dan McNeil, both of Fairview.



## Gets Appointment Here



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

H. E. Balfour, former teacher at Victoria high school and instructor at Edmonton Normal school, has been appointed high school inspector for the provincial department of education. Lieut. Balfour, originally a 51st officer, was attached to "D" Coy. on transfer to the 49th. He was severely wounded at Regina Trench, and taken prisoner.

## Heads Stettler Legion



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

J. K. Brennen, Stettler, who has been elected president of the Stettler post, Canadian Legion, for the sixth term. Brennen was a member of "B" Company, 49th Battalion.

## Transfer Announced



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

Col. G. W. McLeod, warden of the federal penitentiary at Prince Albert, Sask., since 1933, has been transferred to command the Stony Mountain (Manitoba) penitentiary. Col. McLeod is one of the best known and highly regarded officers of the 49th.

George Branton, No. 432551, enlisted in the 49th Bn. Jan. 8th, 1915, and was posted to 15 platoon, (Chinese Section) "Steady D", Branton was three times wounded. He received his discharge March 23rd, 1919, after 4 years and 2 months service. George was one of the "Wits" of the company, and a good front line soldier. He is a butcher by trade, and for a number of years plied between Australia and Canada on the R.M.S. Aorangi, but is now on a coastal boat around the Aussie continent. Mail address is 1 Tennyson Rd., Ryde, Sydney, Australia.

William Aitken, No. 432649, enlisted in the 49th Bn. and was placed with 14 platoon, (Ghurkas) of "D" Company on Jan. 11th, 1915. He served in France and Belgium, and was neither wounded nor sick. He received his discharge July 18th, 1919. He is a carpenter and resides at 10733 116th St., Edmonton. Married and has one boy.

George W. Thornton, "Shorty", No. 432755, enlisted Jan. 14th, 1915, in the 49th Bn. and posted to 4th platoon, "A" Company. He received a wound in his left arm, and was discharged Oct. 2nd, 1917; as medically unfit from wounds. He is a farmer at Jarvie, Alta. Married and has one girl. "Shorty" was only 16 when he enlisted, but was 5 ft. 6½ ins. tall. On discharge, after 2 years and 9 months service, he was 5 ft. 11½ ins. Army life must have suited him.

C. W. A. Drader, No. 101749, enlisted in the 66th March 11th, 1916, and came to the 49th June 8th, 1916, serving in 10 and 12 platoons of "C" Coy. and also in "D" Coy. He was wounded June 27th, 1916, and Oct. 30th, 1917, and received his discharge March 25th, 1919, after 3 years service. Drader now farms at R.R.4, Victoria, B.C. Is married and has family of one boy and four girls.

Tom Knight, No. 220052, enlisted in the 80th Bn. Oct. 18th, 1915, and served with 14 platoon, "D" Coy. of the 49th. These particulars are taken from a letter received by the Cor. Sec'y. He is married and has one daughter, 22, and two sons, one 20 and the other 14. Tom had a few days with Tansley on his farm at Sharon and talked over the old days. He says Slim Bastable is at Stamford Centre, Niagara Falls district. Slim was a machine gunner in "D" Coy. Tom enquires for Hughie Mackay, Babyface, McConnell, Perry Barron, McClashan and Kinross, V.C.,

F. E. Williamson, "Lone Wolf", No. 904945, enlisted in the 194th Edmonton Highlanders, April 6th, 1916, and joined 15 platoon, "D" Coy. of the 49th. Dec. 29th, 1916. He received shrapnel and bullet wounds in the head. He doesn't say in which battle or trip in he got wounded. Williamson received his discharge April 16th, 1919, after 3 years and 10 days service, and now farms at Stranger, Alta. Cherhill P.O. will get him. He is married and has a family of two boys and two girls.

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**Milton Thomas**, No. 808150, enlisted in the 137th Bn. Jan. 13th, 1916, and was transferred to the 49th Bn. Jan. 20th, 1917, and posted to 7 platoon, "B" Company. He received a "Blighty" at Passchendaele, Oct. 30th, 1917, and was discharged Jan. 3rd, 1919, after 3 years and 6 months service. Thomas in his remarks says that he was on draft again for France, August 1st, 1918, but was transferred to the 50th Bn. (wounded again and gassed at Valenciennes, Nov. 1st, 1918, to Blighty. Nov. 5th 1918. He is a clerk with Burns & Co., Calgary, and lives at 2011 2nd St. N.W.

**R. Hutchings**, "Fat", No. 904443, enlisted in the 194th Bn. Feb. 3rd, 1916. He joined the 49th Dec. 28th, 1916, and was posted to 7 platoon, "B" Coy. He received wounds at Vimy and Passchendaele, and was discharged May 24th, 1919, after 3 years and 3 months service. Hutchings traps and is game guardian around Keg River, Alta. He is a bachelor. The reason for his discharge he gives as "No More War!" He evidently employs a stenog. for L. G. Harrington, in writing a letter for him says: "I remember a lot of the 49th boys having enlisted in the 66th. No. 100543, but was later transferred to the 1st Pioneers and left Edmonton in 1915. He mentions Ronnie Palmer, McGillivray, Fildes, Chip Kerr, and Rollie Kerr. (We believe was killed in France late in 1917—Editor). Harrington says that there are only three returned men up there, Hutchings, Stewart, 31st Bn., and himself. Notwithstanding "they drank her down" on Nov. 11th, after having finished a construction job, on the Carcajou Keg River Telephone line. He requests permission to become a subscriber for the magazine, as he enjoys reading it.

**J. K. Bredden**, who was a Sergeant in "Ours" was elected President of the Stettler branch of the Canadian Legion, for the sixth term, at the annual meeting held last January.

**Sidney William Whitefield**, No. 811527, enlisted in the 138th Bn. Dec. 28th, 1915, and on joining the 49th was posted to 12 platoon "C" Coy. Dec. 6th, 1916. He suffered from Trench fever and was shellshocked during his service, and was discharged March 31st, 1919, after 3 years and 6 months service. He is a butcher at Erskine, Alta., and has three children.

**Percy McKay Holland**, No. 432817, "Pete", (often confused with Geordie's name) "but I didn't speak the same gibberish he does" so why? from Geo. Milner's remarks, 1915, alias "The Vicar". Pete enlisted in 6 platoon, "B" Coy, January 16th, 1915, and was discharged when the battalion was disbanded after 4 years and 2 months service. He now farms under the S.S.B. at Lindbrook, Alta. P.O. address R.R.2 Tofield, Alta. Holland was transferred to the 7th T.M. Battery June 1916, until Mons and then he came back to the battalion.

**John Woodward**, No. 447802, enlisted in the 56th Bn. 1st Nov., 1915. He came to the 49th Bn. the end of May, 1916, being posted to 5 or 6 platoon, "B" Coy. John received a flesh wound in the right thigh and was discharged March 22nd, 1919, with 3 years and 5 months service. His occupation is mail contractor at Drumheller P.O. He is married and has one daughter and three sons, residing at Drumheller, P.O. Box 454 will find him.



## "CAINE'S TENT" SHORNCLIFFE



Back row: left to right: Sgt. M. Caine; Jack Murray (died in France); D. A. Fazan; Tom Coroon; Reg. Dorway.

Middle row: Berry; Jack West.

Front row: Johnnie Wilson (killed in plane crash); Fred Pinnell. (We are indebted to Fred Pinnell for this picture.)

**George Buchanan**, "Buck", No. 904464, enlisted in the 194th Bn. March 6th, 1916, and was placed with 10 platoon, "C" Coy. of the 49th Feb., 1917. Buck was wounded April 9th, 1917, which most likely would be in the Vimy show, and received his discharge June 5th, 1919, after 3 years and 4 months service. He is a locomotive fireman at Sutherland, Sask., P.O. address Box 341. He has a wife and one girl. He says that he still suffers from the effect of his wound. Buchanan hopes to be in Edmonton one of these times and look up some of the boys.

**Edward John Becker**, "Ed", No. 101241, enlisted in the 66th, 14th Sept. 1915, and joined the 49th June 7th, 1916 serving with 3 platoon, "A" Coy. Becker was neither wounded nor sick, and was discharged March 22nd, 1919. He is farming at High Prairie, Alta. Married and has a boy 14 and girl 9. He was on the Transport after the Vimy show. Ed sends word of some of the boys in his district, Geo. Harvey lives at Big Prairie, Vic Johnston of the scouts, a 194th man, and Geo. Wabriskan live at Prairie Echo. He sees Geo. Carter, Bert Funnell, Reg Horton, E. Gully, Mike McGee and others. Dave Irons was a sergeant on the Transport when Becker was with unit.

**Walter F. Manton**, No. 436422, enlisted in the 51st Bn. Jan. 15th, 1915, and joined the 49th Sept. 1915. He was in 5 platoon, "B" Coy. He suffered with Trench feet, and was discharged March 24th, 1919, with 4 years and 2 months service. When working he is employed as a meat cutter, but is now out of employment. He has a wife and two children and resides at 3157 Wellington Ave., Vancouver, B.C. He has been with the 11th Div. C.A. S.C. for 7 years and is a C.Q.M. Sergeant. Manton wishes to be remembered to Tommy Booker, and enquires if Sgt. Jack Mallet is still around.

**Elmer E. Winter** now is living at 15495 Westbrook, Detroit, Michigan.

**Frank Leslie Wells**, says his nickname looks too bad on paper, enlisted on the 6th July, 1915. Reg'tl number 101419. He was posted to 9 platoon, "C" Coy. about June 8th, 1916. He was sick with appendix trouble during his service and was discharged March or May 1919, after nearly 4 years service. He is employed as Park Warden at Jasper, Alta. P.O. Box 536. He has three children. Wells was enquiring for Bill English and the address on the association register was forwarded to him.

**Neville H. Jones**, "Sandbag", Regimental Number 432827, the very efficient Honorary Treasurer of the Association, whose official record has never appeared in this magazine, has been pleased to furnish us with the information requested in the questionnaire. He was originally a member of 9th platoon, "C" Company, which comprised the tallest men in the Battalion. He enlisted Jan. 16th, 1915, and saw almost continuous service until 1918. He was discharged March 23rd, 1919. He was wounded suffering a gun shot wound in the right forearm and a fracture. In civil life he is accountant in the Superintendent's office of the C.N.R. His address is 11252 125th street. In the space in the questionnaire left for remarks, he says: "There has been sufficient said in previous issues of the magazine and no further remarks are necessary. The nickname 'Sandbag' can be verified by Capt. Floen who was responsible for christening me in Belgium in 1915. For the information of the troops the nickname 'Sandbags' came about through carrying a bottle full of rum in a sandbag to the brigade's sports at Mont de Cats in company with the late George Harper, and returning with water bottle empty, sandbag complete and a fat head the next morning at seven a.m."

**Ernest J. McGirr**, Regimental Number 141740, enlisted with the 76th Battalion in July, 1915, and was transferred to the 49th in November, 1916. He was attached to No. 4 platoon, "A" Company and later to Headquarters Signallers. He was twice wounded, near Hill 70, July, 1917, and at Amiens, August, 1918. He received his discharge in April, 1919. He is now living at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where he is principal of the Collegiate and Vocational Institute. His home address is 1048 Valley Way, Niagara Falls, Ontario. He is married and has two children, a boy aged four and a girl aged two.

**H. L. Whiteside** ("H. L."), Regimental Number 447941, enlisted with the 56th Battalion, Calgary, November 17th, 1915, and was transferred to the 49th June 1st, 1916. He was slightly wounded June 3rd, 1916, had an appendicitis operation November, 1916, and was wounded by an explosive bullet while flying in April, 1918. He was discharged from the Canadian Army Oct. 6th, 1917, having been appointed to a Commission in the R.F.C. He is farm mechanic and tractor engineer at the Provincial Government Farm at Oliver, Alberta. His address is Box 832 North Edmonton. He was married in 1919 and has four children.

**Harold Carlson**, No. 2113305, "B" Company, 49th Battalion, now at Lashburn, Saskatchewan, would like to hear from the ex-service man who was looking for him last July at the Canadian Legion in Saskatoon, or from any other person who remembers being with him during the summer of 1918.

**Robert G. Andrew** "Dad", Regimental Number 161172, who enlisted in the 82nd Battalion, January 2nd, 1916, and who joined the 49th either in July or the beginning of August of the same year, being posted to "C" Company, now resides at 1247 8th Avenue A. S., Lethbridge. Andrew was discharged December 31st, 1917 due to sickness. He has a wife and two sons, one of whom is married. He is cashier in the Alberta Liquor Control Board at Lethbridge.

**Alfred Arthur Bradford** "Brad" Regimental No. 433065 enlisted February 18th, 1915, in the 49th and was posted to 11th platoon, "C" company. He suffered a gun shot wound in the left foot. He was discharged March 23rd, 1919, after four years and one month service. He is manager of the Marquis Hotel, Lethbridge. He is married and has one daughter, twenty-one years of age. "Brad" must be a radio fan for in the remarks space he says "Hello Everybody".

**Robert Cruickshank** "Bert" Regimental No. 432994, enlisted in the 49th January 28th, 1915, and was posted to Fifth platoon, "B" Company. He suffered from a gun shot wound in the left shoulder. He was discharged April 17th, 1919, after four years and two and a half months service. He resides at 414 14th Street South, Lethbridge. He is agent of Provincial Lands at Lethbridge. He has a wife and five girls. He wants to know if there is any other 49er with "quintuplets" or is this the battalion record.

**Nigel S. Hall** "Nig" Regimental Number 3205847 enlisted October 2nd, 1917, and joined the 49th July 8th, 1918, being posted to 12th platoon, "C" Company. He was discharged April 4th, 1919 after eighteen months service. During the time he was in France he was gassed. He is a sign writer in Lethbridge and his home address is 529 12th Street A. North, Lethbridge. He is married and has two boys and one girl.

**Leslie G. Brown**, Regimental No. 432905 joined the Forty Ninth January 21st, 1915 and was attached to 14th platoon, "D" Company. He received a gun shot wound in the left arm and shoulder. He was discharged November 23rd, 1919, after serving four years and ten months. He is employed by the Alberta Government Telephones, Edmonton and resides at 11131 98th Avenue.

**P. B. Holgate**, who was farming at Thorhild, is now the Post Master of Elbridge and has the job of Mail carrier between Thorhild and Elbridge. This office was recently opened after having been closed down for a number of years.

**Franklin Gullion**, "Mud", No. 101502, enlisted in the 66th Bn. October, 1915, and joined the 49th June 4th, 1916. He was posted to 14 platoon, "D" Coy. Mud was wounded during his service and received his discharge March, 1919. He now farms at Chinook Valley, P.O. via Grimshaw, Alberta.

**Ebenezer Thompson**, "Spud", No. 432415, enlisted in the 49th January 6th, 1915, and was posted to 7 platoon, "B" Coy. He was wounded on October 8th, 1916, and returned to the Bn. October, 1917. Spud received his discharge August, 1919, after 4 years and 7 months service. He is a teamster by choice, or otherwise, and lives at 11244 91st Street. His family consists of three boys and three girls.

**Joseph Waithe**, "Joe" No. 100957, enlisted in the 66th Bn. July 11th, 1915, and was posted to 10 platoon "C" Coy. on joining the 49th May 26th, 1916. He was wounded twice during his service and was discharged April 11th, 1919, with three years and nine months service. When the war ended he was with the Bn. at Mons. Waithe holds the rank of R.Q.M.S. in the Perpetuating unit and has been on the Colour party at each Church parade the association has held. His civilian occupation is ware-houseman at the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Edmonton, and resides at 9545 102A Avenue. He has a boy and girl.

**William Cummings Skinner**, No. 432273, enlisted January 5th, 1915, and was posted to "B" Company. He was wounded at the Regina Trench show October 9th, 1917. He was discharged in 1918. His present occupation is that of a lather and he resides at 4850 Moss Street, Vancouver. In another column in this issue appears a poem from the pen of Skinner.

**Wilbert J. Beatty**, No. 844083, who originally enlisted in the 149th Battalion January 3rd, 1916, joined the Forty Ninth in March, 1917, being attached to "D" Company Signallers. He resides at 4174 Larchmount Place, Riverside, California. He is an electrician, is married but has no children. Beatty was gassed at Cambrai and was in hospital at Bsiangstoke. He was not discharged from the army until June 10th, 1919.

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## THE THREE MUSKETEERS



Three intimate personal friends in peace time who met again during the war. Left to right: Major J. L. Lowery, Capt. G. L. Hudson, Capt. Oliver Travers. Major Lowery joined the Battalion just before the Vimy show, in which action he was severely wounded. Captain Hudson and Captain Travers were original Forty Niners. Captain Travers was killed at Passchendaele. He was buried just off the Poperinghe Ypres Road. Major Lowery was an officer in "C" Company and now resides in Vancouver. Captain Hudson was Transport Officer and Captain Travers was Quarter Master. The picture was taken at Bruay.

**Captain Charles Andrew Martin**, who originally was a Sergeant in the 19th Alberta Dragoons, having enlisted August 7th, 1914, and who was commissioned in France in August, 1916, joined the fifth platoon, "B" Company on August 23rd, 1916. He was wounded August 26th, 1918, and discharged April 23rd, 1919, after four years and two hundred and fifty six days of service. Subsequent to the war Captain Martin was attached to the Provincial Police and later the R.N.W.M.P. stationed at Brainerd. He is now retired and lives at Brainerd.

**Henry Wadlow**, No. 100200, enlisted in the 66th Bn. July 1st, 1915, and was posted to the 49th June, 1916, serving with 10 and 12 platoons of "C" Coy. He was wounded twice during his service and received his discharge April 1st, 1919, with three years and nine months service. Wadlow now farms at Brownvale in the Peace River district. He is a bachelor and came originally from Shropshire, England. Henry enjoys the Fortyniner, especially the Regina Trench number, as he was wounded and buried in the jumping off trench in that show. He meets Tom Gilchrist often, and says he is a good scout and well liked by everybody.

**C. Hassan**, Regimental No. 432347, enlisted in the Forty Ninth Battalion on January 5th, 1915, and was posted to "A" Company, and later "C" Company. He was later on attached to the Third Canadian Machine Gun Battalion. He was taken down with Flu and Trench Fever at Huldenberg outside Brussels and suffered a relapse in England. Hassan received his discharge in Toronto, 1919. He now lives at 15 Beaconsfield Street, Grey Lynn, Auckland, New Zealand, where he was advised to go for his health. He is forty nine years old and follows his occupation as a bricklayer.

**John Pratt** (Tuddlum Buck King or Rubber) Regimental No. 432746, enlisted in the Forty Ninth January 12th, 1915, and was posted to Fourteenth Platoon, "D" Company. He was wounded in the left arm. Received his discharge August 17th, 1919, after four years and eight months service. He is farming at Chamberlain, Saskatchewan, is married and has one son.

**James Wood**, Regimental No. 781788, enlisted in the 128th Battalion at Moose Jaw. He joined "D" Company of the Forty Ninth December, 1916, and served until Passchendaele when he was badly wounded on Oct. 30th, 1917. He carried on farming at Readlyn, Saskatchewan, until about 1925 when he had a serious operation, and he is now a hundred percent pension case. He is married and has a family of four boys and one girl. He says there are one or two Forty Niners down his way and will let R. Mayes have the particulars. Mayes is very energetic in the interest of the Association at Moose Jaw.

**George F. Bellinger**, No. 433088, enlisted March 28th, 1915, being posted to 12th platoon, "C" Company. He was discharged March 28th, 1919 after four years service. Bellinger now resides at 5005 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit. He is a musician. His wife was formerly Miss Gladys Brake of Edmonton. They have a daughter aged twelve.

**Jack Edmonton**, No. 905124, who enlisted July 16th, 1916, in the 194th Battalion and who joined the Forty Ninth in February, 1917, is now farming at Tawatinaw. He has a wife and one son. After almost three years service he was discharged April, 1919. In April of this year Edmonton sustained severe injuries on his farm at Tawatinaw as a result of his horse bolting. He was thrown to the ground and the wagon passed over his legs. A few weeks previously Edmonton was attacked by an enraged bull and was only saved from goring by the timely arrival of his dog.

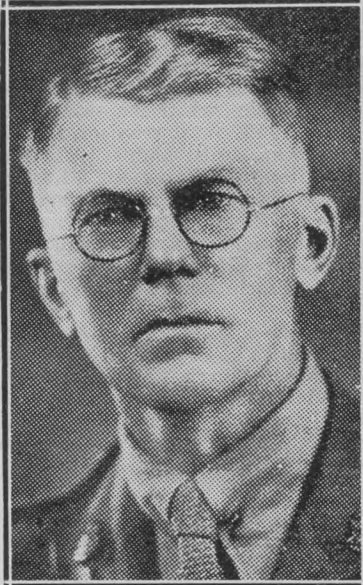
**Leonard Douglas Reggin**, No. 808506, enlisted in the 137th Battalion February, 1916, and was posted to "A" Coy. on joining the 49th in December, 1916, in the Vimy-Lens area. He was with the brigade machine guns at Passchendaele, and was wounded in the right side in that operation, and in the right arm at Lens. Reggin received his discharge in January, 1919, after three years service, and resides at 214—7th Ave. N.E., Calgary. He is married and has two children. His civilian occupation is sheet metal and roofing expert. E. O. Anderson, Calgary, put us in touch with Reggin.

## CANADIAN CORPS 1914-1918

A handsome booklet, "Canadian Corps, 1914-1918" gives in word and picture a vivid story of the great corps reunion in Toronto last August. It has been compiled by Archdeacon F. G. Scott and a committee of associate editors. In addition to the story of the reunion, it contains a series of fine reproductions of the interior of the memorial chamber in the Peace Tower at Ottawa, as well as reprints of some of the outstanding paintings of Canadian battle scenes in the official collection in the federal capital. The whole forms a book of great interest not only to veterans but to the general public and deserves to enjoy a wide circulation.

## Our Perpetuating Unit

### Retiring Chief



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

A soldier since 1900, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Harris, V.D., retiring commander of the First Edmonton regiment, 49th Battalion, C.E.F., was honored by officers of regiment and garrison at a dinner in the Prince of Wales armories.

McGill University, the speaker traced his career through the intervening years to date. He also mentioned the activities at Winterburn where a permanent camp had been started which it was hoped to call Camp Harris.

After songs by E. McGarvey, Colonel Harris thanked all present.

A handsomely engraved rose bowl was presented by Major Thompson on behalf of the gathering.

Colonel A. W. Bannard, M.M., commander of the 29th Infantry brigade, Colonel Louis Scott, D.C.M., former commanding officer of the regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel E. Brown, M.M., Edmonton Fusiliers, also paid tribute to the guest of honor.

Major Thompson, Capt. W. G. Stillman and Lieut. W. O'Callaghan, 49th mess committee, were responsible for the function.

Those present included: Colonel A. W. Bannard, M.M.; Lieut.-Col. L. C. Harris, V.D.; Lieut.-Col. Louis Scott, D.C.M.; Lieut.-Col. H. C. L. Gillman, V.D.; Lieut.-Col. W. L. Oliver, M.C.; Lieut.-Col. H. M. Newsom; Lieut.-Col. E. Brown, M.M.; Lieut.-Col. Egerton Pope; Lieut.-Col. H. K. Groff, V.D.; Lieut.-Col. E. H. Strickland, Major P. L. Debney, M.M.

Major M. R. H. Browne, M.M.; Major D. A. Petrie, Major J. C. Thompson; Major W. G. Bury; Capt. J. C. Jefferson; Capt. W. G. Stillman; Capt. W. B. Shaw; Capt. E. B. Wilson; Capt. A. S. Donald, Capt. K. A. Hamilton; Capt. A. L. Magrath.

The most momentous event during recent months in the activities of the perpetuating unit, the First Edmonton Regiment, (49th Battalion C.E.F.) has been the change in command. Lieut. Colonel L. C. Harris, V.D., original medical officer of the 49th, retired as O.C. in March, and was succeeded by Major P. L. Debney, M. M.

Honoring Lieut.-Colonel L. C. Harris, V.D., on the completion of his tenure of command as commanding officer of the regiment the officers of the 1st Edmonton regiment, 49th Battalion C.E.F. entertained at dinner at the Prince of Wales armories Wednesday, March 27th. Other guests were officers commanding the units of the Edmonton garrison.

After the toasts to "The King," "The Loyal North Lancers," "The Kimberly, South Africa" and "The North Bay, Australia" all allied regiments had been honored, Major P. Debney, M.M., who succeeds Colonel Harris as commanding officer, called upon Major J. C. Thompson, an officer of the war-time 49th, and the new second in command to propose a toast to the retiring colonel.

Expressing the regret of all ranks at the passing to the reserve of the guest of honor after a period of over 35 years, Colonel Harris having enlisted in 1900 as a private while at

### New Commander



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

Major P. L. Debney, M.M., the new commanding officer of the 49th battalion, Edmonton regiment. Major Debney enlisted in the ranks and had war-time experience in the artillery. He joined the 49th with a commission in 1925.

Lieuts. R. J. Pratley, J. E. Duggan, N. Romanuk, F. Emmett, J. Lumsden, P. J. Fleming, H. D. P. Tighe, A. A. Gilchrist, J. E. O'Callaghan, C. MacPherson, R. W. Mradley, B. G. Aylen, R. T. Rodd, J. L. Irvine and E. McGarvey.



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## 16th PLATOON, "D" COMPANY AT FAUCQUENHAM, JUNE, 1918.



Front row, left to right: A. Logan; Darsch; Perry; Yarr; Capt. McQueen; Palmer; Corbett; Maxwell; Dignault.  
 Middle row, kneeling: Blackland; Gladue; J. Mackay; Buck; A. S. Mackay; Charlton; Tanner; Michelson; Toye; Bruce; Pa'mer.  
 Back row: Gunn; Weatherly; Corp. Girvan; Chambers; Gold; Bryant; Corp. Stonehewer; Miles Palmer; Sgt. Crockett; Banks; Lieut. T. Tipton; Meager; Lieut. Fowlie; Corp. Chesterman; Corp. Hunter; Diamond; Walker; Cushman.

## JUBILEE MEDAL RECIPIENTS

The following is a complete list of the Edmonton members of the non-permanent active militia to receive the King George Fifth Jubilee Medal. There are, of course, many civilian residents of Edmonton who also were decorated.

Colonel Alexander W. Bannard, M.M., 29th Infantry Brigade; Major George Mallet Beaton, B.M., 29th Infantry Brigade; Colonel Hugh de N. Watson, late 5th Mounted Brigade; Major Charles A. Lyndon, B.M., 5th Mounted Brigade; Lieut. Colonel William L. Oliver, M.C., 19th Alberta Dragoons; Major Marston H. Wright, M.M., 19th Alberta Dragoons; R.S.M. W. O.1 Harry Hand, 19th Alberta Dragoons; F.Q.M.S. Frederick H. Hales, 19th Alberta Dragoons; Capt. E. W. Day, 19th Alberta Dragoons; Major R. T. Washburn (C.A.M.C.) 19th Alberta Dragoons; Major Robert A. Wyman, 92nd Field Battery, C.A.; B.S.M. A. L. Mills, 92nd Field Battery, C.A.; B.S.M. William M. Cuthbertson, 61st Field Battery, C.A.; Lieut. Colonel Edward Brown, M.M., Edmonton Fusiliers; R.S.M., W.O.1 James Charles Beckett, Edmonton Fusiliers; R.Q.M.S. Arthur McLetchie, Edmonton Fusiliers; Lieut. Charles L. Smith, Edmonton Fusiliers; Sergt. John McNaughton, Edmonton Fusiliers; Lieut. Colonel E. L. Pope, (C.A.M.C.) Edmonton Fusiliers; Lieut. Colonel Leonard C. Harris, V.D., late Edmonton Regiment; Major Philip L. Debnay, M.M., Edmonton Regiment; C.S.M. Arch. J. Greene, Edmonton Regiment; Corporal James M. Robertson, Edmonton Regiment; Private Robert Girvin, Edmonton Regiment; Major J. C. Thompson, Edmonton Regiment; Lieut. Colonel H. C. L. Gillman, V.D., 13 Res. Div. Sig.; C.S.M. Charles J. Lancaster, 13 Div Signallers; S. Sgt. A. Weekes, 17th Cav. Field Amb; S. Sgt. Duncan McCallum, 33 Field Ambulance; Lieut. Colonel Edgar H. Strickland, C.O.T.C., University of Alberta; Major Armour Ford, Canadian Artillery.

## VERE VAS ZEE STOKES BATTERIES ?

Phil R. Bellsham, formerly a Corporal in the 49th writing to Norman Arnold immediately after receiving through the mails a copy of the January issue of the magazine says he read with interest the account of the Regina Trench action in 1916 in which show he took part. A reference made in the official narrative of that action to the Stokes Gun Battery recalls to his mind an amusing incident which occurred in January, 1917, when the Battalion was on the Lieven front, and which at the time was much more exciting than amusing. Bellsham was a member of "B" Company, Sixth Platoon under Captain C. A. Martin and was in supports. During the night Bellsham got permission to go to the front line to distribute among the fellows whom he knew a parcel of cigarettes, chewing gum and "what have you" which had come through from Edmonton. There was a guard half way down the communication trench and another guard at the Junction of the front line. After he shared his parcel with the lads in the line he started back for "B" Company. Half way between the second guard and the supports he ran into a strange soldier in khaki carrying a heavy sack. He immediately challenged and was answered "Vere Vas Zee Stokes Batteries?" This didn't sound right and Bellsham sent the heavily laden soldier back to the sentry. When he reported the incident to Captain Martin on his return to his platoon he said he thought there were spies around who talked like Jews and carried bombs. Captain Martin laughed and told him it was a Dane who was a member of the Stokes Battery and who must have got lost carrying a stock of Stokes shells.

A soldier was showing his mother round the barracks when a bugle sounded.

"What's that?" asked the old lady.

"Tattoo," said the soldier.

"Heaven 'help their poor chests!"

## Financial Statement as at 31st January, 1935

The funds on hand as at January 31, 1935, are as follows:—

General Fund Savings Account .....	\$261.72
Memorial Fund, Savings Account .....	113.17
Savings Certificates—Province of Alberta .....	385.00
Province of Alberta 6% Bonds .....	500.00

**49th Battalion Association (Edmonton Regiment)**  
Abstract Statement of Receipts and Expenditures  
from January 31, 1934, to January 31, 1935.

### General Fund

#### Receipts

To Balance in Canadian Bank of Commerce, January 31, 1934 .....	\$ 256.16
To Membership Dues .....	\$163.70
To Life Membership Dues .....	79.85
To Bank Interest .....	6.37
To Interest on Savings Certificates, Province of Alberta .....	11.32
To Interest on \$500.00 Alberta Provincial Bond .....	30.00
To Advertising in Magazines .....	512.70
To Refund by Bradburn Printers..	3.92
To Refund by Macdonald Hotel re Banquet .....	31.00
	<hr/> 838.86

\$1,095.02

#### Expenditure

By Expense re publishing Magazine .....	\$ 522.06
By Pike & Co. Wreaths .....	12.30
By Canadian Bank of Commerce Rental Safety Deposit Box .....	3.00
By Distributors Ltd.—Account Banquet .....	53.20
By Royal George Hotel Accommodation re R. W. Stoness .....	1.25
By Dr. W. A. Atkinson—Examination R. W. Stoness .....	2.00
By C.N.R. Telegraphs—Wires re Corps Reunion, Toronto .....	5.48
By Capt. B. Taylor, Victoria, Refund of Amount April 13th .....	50.00
By Alberta Provincial Government Transfer amount to Savings Certificates Account Life Memberships .....	105.00
By Premium for Fidelity Bond Hon. Treasurer .....	5.00
By Printing and Stationery .....	51.51
By Postage .....	22.50
	<hr/> \$ 833.30

Canadian Bank of Commerce, Savings Account as at 31st January, 1935 .....

\$1,095.02

**49th Battalion Association (Edmonton Regiment)**  
Abstract Statement of Receipts and Expenditures  
from January 31, 1934 to January 31, 1935

### Memorial Fund

#### Receipts

1934	
Jan. 31 Balance in Canadian Bank of Commerce .....	\$ 117.73
Jan. 22. Collection Church Parade .....	\$48.39
Nov. 30 Bank Interest .....	1.53
May 31. Bank Interest .....	1.04
	<hr/> 50.96

\$ 168.69

#### Expenditures

1934	
July 23. "Bulletin" (June 2) .....	\$ 3.92
July 23. King Edward Cafe (Tips, Waitresses, July 22.) .....	5.00
July 27. Coles Printing (Programmes Church Parade) .....	11.66
Sept. 4. Bulletin (Aug. 8, 1925) .....	7.84
Oct. 5. Bulletin (Sept. 15, 1928) .....	7.84
Nov. 12. Canadian Legion (Wreath for Nov. 11) .....	7.50
Nov. 12. Bulletin (Oct 6 and 31.) .....	7.84
Dec. 3. Bulletin (Nov. 10.) .....	3.92
	<hr/> \$ 55.52

Balance in Canadian Bank of Commerce,  
Jan. 31, 1935 .....

\$ 168.69

April 25th, 1935.

To The President and Members,  
49th Battalion Association, (Edmonton Regiment)  
Edmonton, Alberta.

Gentlemen:—

I have audited the records of the 49th Battalion Association and have prepared and append hereto:  
(1) Statement of Receipts and Disbursements, General Fund, for the year to 31st January, 1935.  
(2) Statement of Receipts and Disbursements, Memorial Fund, for the year to 31st January, 1935.

The above statements are the summary of the Cash transactions of the Association for the year. All receipts have been deposited in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Savings Account, and all disbursements have been made by cheque and supported by vouchers.

The securities have been produced to me and found to be in order.

Respectfully submitted,  
G. D. K. Kinnaird, C.A.,  
Auditor.

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## 49ER VETERAN OF THE RIEL REBELLION AND SOUTH AFRICA

Constable A. E. Miller, who perhaps is the only 49er who is a veteran of the Riel rebellion, enlisted in the Midland Battalion at the age of 17. This battalion, named after the district in Ontario where it was raised received its training at Kingston. The unit left Kingston for White River by train in the late winter of 1885. The weather being below zero the troops suffered more than in any of the succeeding campaigns in which they took part. Eventually they were at Swift Current where fatigues, etc., kept them occupied, and they later joined Middleton's column, marched to Batoche, Riel's stronghold, and engaged Riel. After four days of strenuous fighting Batoche was taken by Middleton on the 12th of May.



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Bulletin.

### CONSTABLE A. E. MILLER

Miller's next service was with "Gat" Howard's Canada Scouts in the South African campaign, where "Gat" was killed. He received his "Nom de Guerre" when demonstrating the gatling machine gun for an American firm in the Riel campaign.

Miller's final active service was in the Great War. He enlisted with 51st Battalion in March, 1915, and came to "A" Coy. 49th in September of the same year. He was discharged March 25th, 1918.

He has the following medals: Riel Rebellion, King's South African with several bars, 1914-15 Star, General Service, and Victory Medals. He is now serving on the police force in Edmonton and is an highly respected officer and citizen.

### THE GENERAL INSISTED

A certain General, known for his strict insistence upon implicit obedience, met a soldier carrying a steaming dixie from the camp cookhouse.

"Here, you," he ordered, "let me taste that."

"But, sir—it isn't—"

"Don't give me any 'but'. Get a spoon"

"Very good sir."

The soldier doubled back to the cookhouse and fetched one.

The General helped himself to a spoonful of the liquid and immediately spat it out.

"You don't call that soup, do you?" he roared.

"No, sir. That's what I was tryin' to tell you. It's disinfectant, sir."

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# A Touched-up War Diary —F. R. Hasse, Reg. No. 432944

Box 370, Station B.,  
Montreal, P.Q.,  
March 19th, 1935.

The Editor,  
"The Forty-Niner,"  
49th Edmonton Regiment Association,  
Edmonton, Alta.  
Dear Sir:

I kept a diary all the time the 49th. was in France and I am enclosing a portion of it on the odd chance that it may prove of interest. I have omitted the first few months, for our sojourn in France was comparatively uneventful until we moved into the Ypres Salient in March, 1916.

I have recently taken a twenty-year pension from the R.C.M. Police (Army service included) and I am leaving for London, England in about six weeks time. I will let you know my address when I get over to the "Big Smoke".

You might advise me how I stand in regard to my subscription to the Magazine. I find it of great interest.

With all best wishes, yours

F. R. HASSE, Reg. No. 432944.

**March 18th, 1916**—Still out at rest camp but hear that the 49th. is soon to go into the Ypres Salient. General Alderson addresses us and tells us what to expect. It seems that you get sniped at with whiz-bangs in the Salient.

**March 20th**—We march to Poperinghe. Packs heavy for nothing is put on the transports. In the evening take a stroll round the town—a good sized place and little damaged by shell fire. The town is full of the Guards of various battalions, and it is curious to see all ranks only going round with those of equal rank. At night go to a show given by the "Fancies", an Imperial troupe—a most excellent entertainment.

**March 21st**—Leave Poperinghe by train at 6:30 p.m. for Ypres. Everybody in high spirits and we sing the old and favourite choruses, a very mixed lot as usual—"If You Were the Only Girl," "There's a Long, Long Trail", "She Married a Man . . .", etc. But we are wondering what we are in for, for we know the reputation of the Salient. We know we can expect something different to the quiet and comfortable trenches we have lately held on the Kemmel front. On leaving the train we march through the ruins of Ypres, a ghostly looking place at night. Road from Ypres to the trenches in bad shape and blocked by transports and artillery. Imperial troops, as they pass us on their way out, let us know what to expect. "It's a b - - - , Canada," they tell us, and we believe them. A long march, through mud, shell holes and along broken trench mats, and everybody is more or less exhausted when the front line is reached in the early morning.

I lose my way trying to find "B" Coy front, to which I am detailed as a signaller. Meet a C.M.R. working party and I ask them various questions regarding the lay-out of the trenches. The Sergeant in charge becomes suspicious and comes up and tells me it is his turn to ask a few questions—and he tells me not to hesitate in my replies. He then bombards me with about a dozen well chosen ques-

tions, regarding Edmonton, Shorncliffe, the 49th., etc., which, had I been a German spy, I certainly would not have been able to answer. He is satisfied and I proceed on my way, irritated by questioning of the Sergeant, but realizing, on thinking the matter over, that he was right on the job. It is 5:30 a.m. before I eventually find the signalling dug-out on the "B" Coy front. Stationed there with Cameron and Hall.

**March 22nd**—Trenches narrow, muddy and in bad shape. Many trench mats broken and under water. Few dug-outs. No fires allowed for cooking rations, for smoke at once draws whiz-bangs. Rains most of the day. Conditions miserable but fellows keep cheerful. Hear that the German sniper, in his bird-cage opposite, shouted "Welcome Canadians," last night, so the German Intelligence Department is evidently being kept well informed. He also told the fellows to keep their heads down for he was the best G - - d - - - sniper on the Western front; he is stated to be a German American. Some shelling later in the day and two "D" Coy men are killed, one having his head blown off.

**March 23rd**—Wet, muggy weather continues. German sniper, in the bird-cage, tries to get the fellows' goat by waving a red flag. A Stokes Gun is brought up at night and used for the first time on our front. Casualties for the day—three men wounded by shrapnel. We are issued with a primus heater which proves a godsend, for it means hot meals.

**March 25th**—The 49th experiences its worst day since landing in France. We are shelled heavily in the afternoon and six men are killed and between twenty and thirty wounded. Two of the latter are not expected to live (they died later). Jimmie Thompson, whom the section will sadly miss, is among the killed. We leave the front line and go back to supports.

**March 26th**—With "A" Coy in support dug-outs in Maple Copse. A pretty sylvan spot and not much damaged by shell fire. Eight of us in the dug-out. A lively crowd and we have a merry evening.

**March 28th**—Get relieved by the Pats in the afternoon. The road shelled on our way out. Three of us take a sudden flop when a big fellow lands quite close—get splattered with mud. Pity the next hundred yards could not have been timed for some records might have been broken!

**March 30th**—On duty at night at the signalling station in the Transport lines. George Young (Sgt.) has some interesting yarns to tell of the West when he was a boy. Tells us how he once ran away from school and home, and hit the trail for Calgary, a several days ride, on his pinto pony.

**April 2nd**—Hear we are to return to the trenches on the Hooze front, which is to the left of where we were. Sergts. Edwards and Brouse go and look them over, and return with the news that they are a good deal worse than the ones we vacated a few days ago.

**April 4th**—Return to the trenches; stationed with "C" Coy. Cameron, Hall and I in Hooze cellar with the "C" Coy Officers and their batmen—a cellar which at one time was occupied by the Germans. It is all that is left of what used to be Hooze Chateau. The entire roof has been strengthened by

## TENT PEGGING AT SHORNCLIFFE



Six Old Timers—Top: J. Cox (killed June 2nd, 1916); Syd Cunningham, land inspector now residing in Edmonton; Middle Row: Dan Collins, elevator operator Edmonton Post Office Building; H. Sayres (killed June 2nd, 1916); Bottom Row: A. Ansell. The lad wielding the "squeegee", which in other words means scrubbing brush, is Jean Ferrat, commonly known as "Frenchie".

eighteen inch planks placed on edge, and supported by immense timbers—a real example of German thoroughness. On top there is a great pile of tumbled masonry so we feel secure from shell fire, unless one came through the entrance which faces the German lines. The trenches low and muddy, and there are no dug-outs apart from the odd cubby-hole. No wire to speak of in front of the line and none can be staked there at night for trenches are so close that working parties in No Man's Land are out of the question. Fritz has all the high ground and his snipers dominate our trenches.

**April 5th**—Hall, who broke a finger last night when he fell on a loose trench mat, leaves us and goes out of the line.

**April 6th**—Germans, from their trenches thirty yards distant, raid one of our advanced saps and capture four "C" Coy men. Raid takes place this morning just after the "stand-down" and it seems that our men were preparing something to eat and were quite unprepared. When they looked up they found themselves covered by the German rifles. Yeomans, for the moment unarmed, springs at the German Officer and tries to wrest his revolver from him, but gets shot through the stomach by a German N.C.O. The remaining four surrender and are taken back to the German trenches. Our men on the right meanwhile learn what is happening and open up fire. It is reported that a Fritz is killed and also one of our own men who is being escorted back across No Man's Land.

German snipers very active and we have seven men killed during the day on the "C" Coy front. Trenches so low that you have to walk doubled up, for if a head is shown for a second it gets sniped at. Some of their snipers must have rifles set in

clamps, to cover the low spots in our trenches, for men are shot before there is time for a rifle to be aimed. Hooge cellar is converted into a dressing-station and soon is full of wounded. Some are suffering but you seldom hear a moan. Impossible to get them out until darkness falls.

A habit I have of foot-tapping lets me in for a good rating from Capt. Pinder, who is in charge of "C" Coy. He hears the tapping and at once concludes that Fritz is undermining the cellar—until he notices that toe of my boot moving up and down!

**April 7th**—"D" Coy takes over from "C" Coy. It seems that the companies only do two days at a time in this hell-hole, but Cameron and I, as signallers, will have to be here for eight days. Well, we are certainly better off than the company men for we are dry and warm in the cellar, while they are wet and muddy. We get a Lewis machine-gun in the trenches for the first time—fellows elated and eager to try it out. German snipers again active and we have more casualties. Go down for rations at night and foolishly do not wait until it gets properly dark. Get sniped at with whiz-bangs and think my last hour has come. Will know enough next time to wait until it gets dark.

On my return with the rations for Cameron and myself I sit down in the trench and rest awhile. Do not feel any too easy at being alone in these broken down trenches so close to the German lines. Pitch dark and I get a scare when a star-shell goes up and I see a pair of eyes not four feet away looking right at me. Turns out to be one of our own dead who has been lifted from the trench on to the low parados. Before I reach Hooge cellar I fall on a slippery trench mat and cut my head on some corrugated iron. Capt. McLeod (George), in charge of "D" Coy, notices the blood on my face and he bandages my head up himself, the stretcher bearer being busy elsewhere. Heavy bombing at night.

**April 9th**—"C" Coy in the line again. Fellows are learning to keep their heads down and more under cover, but two more men get killed by snipers. A steel girder, buried under masonry, is taken advantage of by a Fritz sniper who ricochets bullets off it down the trench. Capt. Denning, an Imperial artillery officer who has come up to the front line to try and do some personal observation, pays a visit to the cellar. A particularly fine type—he has our admiration for coming up to these Hooge trenches when he does not have to do so. What is more he is not a young man. His venerable appearance however belies his nature, for he has a great stock of racy yarns, collected in his travels all over the world, and he proves vastly entertaining. Gives us a good idea of what the Boer War was like, though it was naturally a picnic compared to this, he states. Tells us a good many little things which are worth remembering—how, for instance, during open warfare a mounted scout can tell if a wood is occupied by the enemy without getting too close to it. Before getting within accurate rifle fire he wheels his horse suddenly and gallops away, as though he has seen something. If he is shot at, the wood is occupied by the enemy—if not, then the wood can be regarded as unoccupied and the column can enter it.

**April 10th**—"D" Coy in the line once more; take over from "C" Coy in the evening. One of the batmen, as he is preparing supper for the Officers, upsets the primus heater and there is a fire. Everybody is on his feet in an instant, beating and stamp-



ing the flames out, for there could be no greater disaster than fire in this cellar. We have almost succeeded in beating the flames out, when another batman picks up a full tin of gasoline, under the impression it is water, and pours it on the fire. The cellar is now one mass of flames, and hands and faces are scorched. It is every man for himself and there is a general rush for the entrance. Impossible to save anything and nothing comes out of the cellar except the telephone. That would not have come out either, but above the general din and confusion I heard Capt. McLeod yell out, "Grab your phone, signaller." Thankful there were no wounded in the cellar—they had been taken out as soon as it got dark—for it would have been impossible to get them out when the fire started and they would have been roasted alive. We plug the entrance to the cellar with sand-bags in an effort to keep the smoke from getting out, but Fritz has spotted it already and opens up with his artillery.

Capt. McLeod tells Cameron and I to get in touch with H. Q. as soon as possible and we search around for the wires in order to tap into them. No easy matter for there is a perfect maze of wires outside the cellar, which has probably been used as a signalling station, both German and British, since the war started. Capt. McLeod assists us and it is he who eventually finds the wires, which were buried under the trench.

**April 11th**—A cold day and raining. Spend miserable time in the trenches. No dug-out and no dry paper for messages. Nothing hot to eat or drink, no wash or shave for six days, boots on all the time, no sleep except what could be snatched for an odd hour or so, wet and cold and lousy—but we have got used to the lice long ago. German snipers again very active and if we move anywhere we have to crawl around like rats; and now the cellar is burnt the wounded have to lie around in the mud until night before they can be taken out. Will be thankful when we can meet Fritz on an equal footing. Physical and mental misery is so great that one does not care what happens, yet every now and again something crops up which raises a good laugh.

Brigade sends up another message stressing the importance of securing a prisoner—we got a similar message yesterday. It is a pity Brigade cannot hear the reception these messages get up here. Would give my next pay if Brigade could spend twenty-four hours in these trenches, instead of in their comfortable quarters. Remove a sand-bag at the entrance to Hooge cellar and look in—it is still

one mass of flames. At night Capt. McLeod finds us a cubby-hole, where we can at least keep our pencils and paper dry.

**April 12th**—The last day in the line. A heavy bombardment and our trenches are smashed up badly but only three "D" Coy men get killed—not many when you consider the number of shells and trench mortars that landed amongst us and the mess our trenches are in. Cameron and I have a narrow escape in our cubby-hole, which gets a corner blown away. There is a feeling that Fritz may be coming over after this bombardment but he does not do so—just as well for we have exhausted the supply of bombs during the bombardment, but he would no doubt have got a good reception from the rifles. A lesson has been learnt from the raid of a few days ago and Fritz is not likely to catch us napping again. The Pats relieve us at night and we wish them luck. Thankful to get out of the trenches after this eight-day nightmare. Cameron and I got out sans rifles, equipment, gas helmets etc., which are all cinders now in Hooge cellar. Glad to arrive in camp and get a wash, a hot meal and some sleep.

**April 14th**—Rude reveille at 4.00 a.m. when the camp gets shelled. We leave the huts hurriedly for the football field. Two men are killed and two wounded.

**April 15th**—The camp gets bombed at night but no casualties result.

**April 16th**—This sudden shelling and bombing at night, with the resultant rushes for cover, causes many funny situations and, before retiring for the night, we make merry over what will probably happen during the small hours. But we are left in peace for no bombing or shelling takes place.

**April 21st**—We move back through Flamentinge to a good rest camp. More bombing at night but no casualties; the German plane flying very low and we open up on it with our rifles, but with no apparent effect.

**April 27th**—Still out at rest camp. Football match in afternoon between the Officers and the Sergeants. The Colonel, playing in goal, remarks that this is our great opportunity to get something of our own back. Fun fast and furious. Every Officer, if he did not know his nick-name before the game started, certainly knew it before it ended—the Sergeants have known theirs for long enough. The Colonel gets shouts of "Attaboy Billy" and cheers whenever he effects a save in goal.

**April 28th**—Get reviewed by General Haig. Later in the day hear that Lee Enfields can be obtained for a five franc tip at a near-by clearing station for wounded. Geet one in the evening and am glad to ditch my Ross. The Ross rifle is still our issue but the Colonel, in defiance of the powers-that-be in Ottawa, has told us long enough ago to get hold of Lee Enfields—and not to be too particular about how we get them. As a result nearly half the 49th have now got Lee Enfields, most of them scrounged. The 1st Division, since it was let down so badly by the Ross a year ago, has been issued with Lee Enfields, and when we happen to pass them on the march they make unprintable remarks about the Ross and tell us to get a decent rifle.

**April 29th**—We return to the trenches to the right of Hooge—not sorry we are not going back there. Stationed with Radcliffe and young Low on the "A" Coy. front. Lt. MacQuarrie, Signalling Officer, and Sergt. Edwards visit our station, and while standing outside our dug-out a rifle grenade explodes on the parapet. They are both wounded



*Photographs*

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and I get a scratch on the wrist myself. Lt. MacQuarrie is badly peppered and Sergt. Edwards helps him to a less exposed spot, before saying anything about being hit himself.

**April 30th**—Fine weather continues. German plane flies low over our trenches and is greeted with rapid fire. Hear that Fritz failed yesterday in a gas attack at Wulverghem.

**May 1st**—A violent bombardment of our trenches for about two hours in the late afternoon. Most of it directed on "A" Coy front and the trenches are soon a mess from the exploding shells and trench mortars. Our wire to Headquarters is broken and Radcliffe sets out to try and discover the break, but we are able to keep up communication through "C" Coy, in supports, where Pete Livingstone is on duty.

A shell explodes on the parapet opposite us and Newport, young Baldwin ("Montana") and a new draft man, drop in a heap. Low and I leave the dug-out and find that Baldwin and Newport have both been badly hit in the head. The third man is dead, killed by concussion, for there is not a mark on him—he ran several steps down the trench and then back again before he dropped dead on the other two. There is no room in our dug-out for the two wounded so I carry Baldwin to the Officers' dug-out, unoccupied at the time, and Low brings Newport along. Baldwin's head injury is so serious that it is hopeless to try to bandage it up, and he dies in a few minutes. He did not appear to be suffering, yet he knew he was dying for just before the end he murmured, with his head on my knee, "This is the end of Baldy (his nickname), Good-bye"—I had been trying to tell him that he'd only got a good blightie. Newport is unconscious and Low and I bandage up his head as well as we can until a stretcher-bearer comes along with better equipment (Newport died some weeks later in hospital.) Low and I return to the signalling dug-out, and Major Palmer puts his head in and gives us a word of encouragement.

This is the heaviest bombardment that our trenches have been subjected to and there is a feeling that Fritz will be coming over after the strafe, so it's good to see stout Bill Harris in a corner of the bay, crouching there with his rifle on his knee; he's as cool as a cucumber and ready to give a good account of himself. About dusk the bombardment suddenly stops and Fritz comes over all right, on the weakened "A" Coy front. But he gets a good reception for every uninjured man is on the firing-step in an instant, and the wounded too who are able to climb up there. From "D" Coy on our right comes a strong enfilade fire (this enfilade fire during a German raid was a point the Colonel had always stressed in his lectures.) It is the rifles that have to be depended upon for bombs are scarce and there is not a machine-gun left in action on the "A" Coy front. But the kibosh is put on the raid for only one German, an officer in the lead, gets into our trenches, and he is badly wounded and is taken prisoner. A German N.C.O. drops dead on our parapet.

The German prisoner, a good looking man and undoubtedly a most gallant officer, is carried down to the Colonel's dug-out on a trench chair. The Colonel questions him as his bullet wounds (five) are being treated, my brother acting as interpreter. He is first proffered a full glass of rum, at which he smiles, for he is too wise to have his tongue

loosened in this manner, and it has to be much diluted with water before he even sips it. He proves reticent, as was expected, but he admits that he did not expect to meet with any resistance after the battering our trenches had received—they expected to be able to come over without difficulty and return with a few shocked prisoners. He adds that his party had all been picked men who were used only for raiding trenches.

After the raid is over a working-party of the 48th., who had been working back in supports, come running up the communication trench, a lot of them armed only with picks and shovels. They are quite disappointed when told that the scrap is over. A shame that a fine outfit like the 48th. should be employed only as a Labour Battalion.

In discussing the raid afterwards, it is evident that there might have been a different end to it, had not so many of our fellows been armed with Lee Enfields, for Ross rifles everywhere were jamming and their owners reduced to impotent rage. What a crime was committed when the 2nd and 3rd Divisions were sent to France with the Ross rifle after the 1st Division, at cruel cost, had proved it to be useless.

Faces everywhere are jubilant over our little victory but our losses have been heavy—fifty-one dead and wounded, "A" Coy. being hit the hardest. Feel the loss of young Baldwin particularly for I happened to know him well. It was only the other night he was in our dug-out, telling us of the leave he had spent in England. He dearly loved a good saddle-horse—he had lived on the range—and he had spent part of his holidays riding over the Yorkshire moors, on a hired horse, in the neighborhood of Settle, a district I know well.

*(Continued in Next Issue)*

#### DATE ANNUAL MEETING FIXED

The Annual Meeting of the Forty Ninth Battalion (E.R.) Association will be held in the Memorial Hall, Edmonton, Friday, September 6th, at 8 p.m. The date of the meeting was fixed by the executive committee in session recently. Formal notices will be mailed immediately prior to the meeting to all the city and near-by country members. In the meantime it is suggested that you mark up your calendar so that the evening of Friday, September 6th, will be held open for this meeting.

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## SIGNAL SECTION IN JUNE, 1918



First row, sitting; L. B. Dennis; H. Montgomery; O. Mills; R. E. Johnston; D. Rees.

Second row: L. G. Peppre; A. E. Smith; Corp. W. B. Frame; Sgt. Dempsey; Lieut. W. W. Henderson (now Lieut. Colonel O.C. Fifth Mounted Brigade); Corp. M. F. Brouse; Lance Corp. J. B. Collins; Lance Corp A. G. Blows; F. S. White.

Third Row: Paton; J. H. Selman; C. H. Woods; H. Lightfoot; A. Babineau; E. G. Bell; N. Livingstone; R. Dancocks; H. J. Gauvan; H. Patmore; Jones.

Back row: W. J. Beatty; E. J. Trist; C. C. Anderson; E. Wakelim; E. McGirr; W. E. Wright (killed at Cambrai); J. M. Currie; C. F. Somers; H. G. Avery (wounded at Cambrai).

## PAPER ISSUED IN YPRES, 1916

The editorial staff of the Forty Niner recently has been privileged to see a copy of Volume 1, No. 1, "Star Shell" published under the auspices of the Forty Third Battalion Brass Band in the City of Ypres in July, 1916. Apart from the fact that not many will believe that a paper could have been produced in Ypres, which was almost literally pulverized in July, 1916, it is interesting to know that Orville Palmer, a member of the Bulletin composing room staff, and original Forty Niner, was largely responsible for the printing of the paper. He set the type by hand and was assisted in the press work by one of the Forty Third. The paper was got out under difficulties, the composing room being subjected to H.E.'s during its production. The Forty Third was the Winnipeg outfit which camped below the hill at St. Martin's Plain at the same time the Forty Ninth was there. Rev. Charles G. Gordon (Ralph Connor) was chaplain of the Forty Third.

## ACCIDENT TO MRS. PALMER

Mrs. R. H. Palmer, wife of Lieut. Colonel R. H. Palmer, D.S.O., who succeeded to the command of the Forty Ninth Battalion following General Griesbach, suffered a painful accident last January in which she sustained a broken leg as the result of falling down stairs at her home at the Indian Agency at Hobbema. Mrs. Palmer has long since completely recovered.

## CAPTAIN "CHARLIE" MARTIN HONORED

Perhaps one of the most colorful persons to receive the Royal Canadian Police Long Service Medal at the hands of His Excellency, Lord Bessborough, Governor General of Canada, on the occasion of his last visit to Edmonton on Friday, March 22nd was Capt. Charles A. Martin, who came to the Forty Ninth from the Alberta Dragoons, August 23rd, 1916, with a commission and was attached to "B" Company, with which Company he remained to the end. The presentation was made at the Prince of Wales Armouries. Captain "Charlie" served for twenty one years and one hundred and eighty nine days with the police force. He has many medals, including M.M.; 1914-15 Mons Star; General Service Medal; Victory Medal; King George Fifth Coronation Medal; Croix de Guerre; Croix de Guerre with silver star and both the Queen's and King's South African War Medals.

## ALLIED WITH KIMBERLY REGIMENT

One of the final official acts of Lieut. Colonel L. C. Harris, V.D., recently retired as commander of the Edmonton Regiment, was the completion of a further alliance of the First Battalion Edmonton Regiment (49th C.E.F.) with the Kimberly Regiment of South Africa. The Edmonton unit already had effected alliances with the Loyal Regiment North Lancashire and the Wide Bay Regiment, Australia.



## My War Diary —By Mounsey

(Continued From Page 15)

on nine of us were hit. One shell burst within a few feet from me and rolled two of us over together. The other chap was hit in the leg while I had a gash in my left side and another wound in my left leg. When I was pinked I was carrying a gun on the opposite shoulder to the side on which I was hit and I lost my balance and fell. Then I sat up and took stock of myself and decided I could walk out. I think I would have got out of it if I had had to crawl out on my eyebrows. I asked the other fellow if he were good for a walk-out and he said he could do nothing else but. I then told my number 2 to take charge of the gun and crew and told the stretcher bearer the two of us would walk out. We both linked arms and rambled. It was a painful walk but it was sure a joyful one. It was one time when I experienced joy through pain. I had been in France for two years. I had been in the line two winters and spent two Christmas days on outpost. I had taken part in four attacks and had had all kinds of experiences. I was now fed up with it and was seeing the last of it!

We got over the ridge and through the machine gun fire and arrived safely at the company dugout where a stretcher bearer dressed our wounds. From there we were carried on stretchers to the battalion dressing station; this was a stone basement of a chateau. Here the doctor looked us over and we were made as comfortable as possible until an ambulance came to take us away. We waited until about three o'clock before the ambulance arrived and then were carried from the basement of the chateau to the main road and put aboard the waiting ambulance. As we were being carried an enemy bombing plane was dropping bombs all around but no one was hit. Motor ambulances had always appeared to me to be a comfortable thing to travel in and I suppose they are more comfortable than other kinds of conveyances but this trip was a rough one for us. The driver was in a hurry to get out before daylight and the road was under shell fire and badly torn up, and we certainly had a painful ride.

We arrived at Arras and were carried into a casualty clearing station. We were inoculated and the Y.M.C.A. gave us a cup of tea and biscuits and cigarettes for those who wanted it. After that we were put in the ambulance again and taken to another C.C.S. at the railhead somewhere not far away from Arras. Here we were undressed and put to bed. A nice nurse washed me and did all she could to humour me into a good mood before they took me into the operating room. She didn't tell me that I was to be operated upon. However, I saw through her professional attitude.

Soon after she got through washing me I was carried to the operating room and placed on the table. There a doctor bent over me and asked when I was hit. I told him about ten o'clock the night before. He had a white working coat on and although he spoke to me nicely enough he appeared to me to be hardened well to the work he was doing. He had his sleeves rolled up ready for business and I suppose he was taking case after case as fast as they came along. The nurse that was assisting him seemed to be just as well hardened and the two of them together appeared to be a good working

team. She stood behind my head with the chloroform or ether and asked me in her best professional tone, are you going to be a good boy and take this. I answered I'll do the best I can sister. "Ah," she said, "that's the spirit." Then I smelled the stuff and a big wheel seemed to be spinning faster and faster and I thought to myself, well, I am not gone yet. Then it occurred to me that it would be a bad thing to resist and I knew no more until I awakened. I had been a good boy from about eight o'clock until twelve. When I awakened I felt as if I were awakening from a good sleep, but the smell of the stuff in my nostrils brought it all back to me. I attempted to move. A twinge of pain soon reminded me of my wounds. I heard one of my comrades calling me by name and handing me a lot of trench jargon. I don't know what kind of a game he had been having with me before I awakened. However, I never had a chance to speak to this comrade again as I, along with others, was put onto ambulances and taken to a hospital train and put on board.

Soon the train started on its journey and we had nothing else to do but keep quiet and eat when they brought us food. It was more comfortable riding on a hospital train than in an ambulance.

We arrived at Bologne late that night. We were transferred from the train by ambulance to a nice cushy hospital. It was a big hotel which was being used as a hospital. I stayed there a week before being shipped across the channel to England. The nurses were nice to us. One day a particularly nice one came along to my bed and said to me, with a nice smile, "Will you like an egg, Canada?" And I said "I would." Eggs were a luxury during the war and when she brought it I thanked her with a smile. It was marvelous the way the wounded men were handled and cared for. Within twenty-four hours from the time I was hit I was brought out of the front line and transported to Bologne and operated on during the journey.

I left the hospital at Bologne on September 16th. We were transferred to the hospital ship by ambulances. The stretchers were carried on board by orderlies and placed one at a time on an electric lift and lowered down to the decks below and then we were placed in comfortable swinging beds which looked like large baby cribs. We were handled like merchandise only kept right side up with care.

Soon the boat pulled out and we were not long in crossing the channel to Folkstone. There we were taken off the boat and put on a hospital train. I was laid down on the station platform and another pair of orderlies took me up again and put me on

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the train. When one of them felt the weight of me he said, "What's wrong with you, mate, lead fever?" The name of the boat was the St. Denis.

I had been in France just two years and two months and now I was in Blighty and not likely to go back again.

Nice ladies were saying nice things to us and giving us chocolate and trying to cheer us all they could.

When the train started I was able to watch the country through the window as it sped along. At different points the train stopped and more ladies came on board with more chocolates and cigarettes. It was glorious to be spoken to by so many ladies in England.

Late that night we arrived at Birmingham and were put into another comfortable bed in hospital. I stayed in hospital in Birmingham until I was able to get up and walk around. We were all rather peeved there as we were not very well fed. When we complained to the doctor he told us that they couldn't help it as they could only give us what was given to them. A man doesn't need much to eat when he is lying in bed doing nothing, but he would have to have a poor appetite if he couldn't eat more than they gave us there. One day my mother came to see me and she brought me some eatables which I enjoyed and shared with others in the ward. There was a nice nurse on day duty called Nurse Ringrove. She had a smile that wouldn't rub off and it was as good as a tonic for any sick man.

Before leaving there I had two or three walks into the city but I didn't go anywhere in particular. I was in Birmingham close on a month.

On October 11th I was sent with others to the

Canadian special hospital at Buxton. Buxton was in the Midlands in Derbyshire among the hills, a beautiful health and holiday resort. The hotels were all being used as hospitals. Mornings I had my wounds dressed until they healed. Then I had them massaged and also had to exercise in the gymnasium with mechanical devices. After this I would go for a walk until noon. After dinner I went over to the Khaki college which was there for the benefit of any one who wished to take advantage of it. I studied agriculture, mathematics and motor engines. I got 95% on motor engines. The agricultural instructor took us to different farms in the district on Saturday afternoons.

The Y.M.C.A. had a recreation room in the hospital where we had picture shows, concerts, etc. We also had church services on Sunday mornings. On two occasions while I was there a crowd of us were marched to the theatre; once at Armistice and the other at Christmas. The two shows we saw were "Cinderella" and "David Garrik". Dr. McLaren, who was in charge of the hospital, footed the bill himself. We also had good hallowe'en festivities and a swell Christmas dinner. On Christmas Eve after we were in bed and lights out two of my room mates and I heard the door open quietly and some one steal in. I asked who was there and there was a giggle and lights were switched on. It was two nurses playing Santa Claus; they gave us things from the Red Cross. Among the things I got was a pair of socks with a nice letter inside addressed to, "Dear Canadian boy who gets this" and signed by, "A mother". I have the letter yet.

On the morning of November 11th I was out for a walk and as I came back towards the town I saw a man with a lorry and he told me that the war was ended and that the Armistice had been signed. As I got nearer the town I found flags and bunting gathered everywhere and people were getting into a state of excitement. I went into the hospital and had dinner and then went out into the town. Of course, it was a general holiday now and the market square was crowded.

An old minister got up on the steps of the Cross and offered prayers of thanksgiving. A lot of people didn't hear what he was saying and it was all right anyhow. Then the crowd sang the Doxology. After that some one got up and made a stirring speech and when he got through the excitement of the crowd broke loose and knew no bounds.

The crowd paraded all around the town, doing anything at all to show their excitement. They wound up at a big hotel which was being used as a Canadian discharge depot.

The commanding officer came out on the balcony and made a speech. By this time it was getting near supper time and the crowd dispersed. It was late that night before the excitement died completely down.

On January 3rd, 1919, I went on leave and stayed at Sheffield with my Uncle and Aunt over night. I left there at 12:30 the next night and arrived at Carlisle at 5 a.m. on the fifth. I took a train to Wetherall at 6 p.m. after staying all day with my uncle and aunt at Carlisle. I saw my sister Mary Annie who had a situation at Wetherall and I stayed at the Crown Hotel over night. Next day mother came for me with a pony and digby and took me home to Newbiggen. On January 10th I paid a visit to my uncle and aunt and grandmother at Penrith.

January 13th I left home and rode to Carlisle on a bicycle along with Mary Annie and Ted Nixon.

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## OFFICERS "C" COMPANY—JUNE, 1918



Back row, left to right: E. R. Knight; W. T. McCrum; C. H. Hill; A. Edwards; W. L. Jarvis. Second row: O. M. Arkless, M.C.; R. C. Ames. Seated: S. J. Davies, M.C.

I took a train at 8 a.m. from Carlisle to Preston. The train stopped at Penrith and my uncle, Frank Kenyon was there on the platform waiting to shake hands and say goodbye. At Preston I changed trains for Manchester, arriving there at 12:30 noon. I spent the afternoon there wandering around. I had a look at some of the locks in the ship canal. President Wilson had been there a few days before. I took a train for Buxton at 3 o'clock and arrived at 5 p.m. reporting to the Canadian discharge depot.

On January 24th I left Buxton with a number of others. We arrived at Liverpool that night and boarded the Grampian and sailed that night for Canada. There was no excitement during the voyage except that the lights in the smoke room on deck had been made to switch off automatically every time the door opened. This had been arranged in order to prevent lights shining out to sea and increasing the submarine danger. It was the cause of a lot of annoyance to card players and readers, bringing forth angry curses from them, especially when anybody opened the door and did not close it properly.

On February 2nd we docked at St. John and entrained for the West. We were not allowed any liberty at St. John. The Salvation Army entertained us in a building by the docks. We sang Hymns that we could remember without books.

While on the train between St. John and Calgary I felt ill. My eyes felt queer and if I tried to read I saw double. My eyes wouldn't focus and

I had to lay the paper down again. On one occasion when a coupling of our car broke we had to leave it and get into another car. A man was stealing my mattress right in front of my eyes and he nearly got away with it because I could see scarcely anything. When I realized what he was doing I stopped it.

I complained about my eyes to the doctor on the train, but he said he couldn't do anything as he had nothing to bathe them with. The fact was he didn't know what was wrong with me.

All the way at places where the train stopped, nice ladies gave us chocolates and cigarettes. At all principal cities we were each given a circular letter or certificate expressing thanks for our services to our country. There was a staff on the train giving each man leave of absence when he arrived at his destination, also passes and money. My brother, Sergeant George Mounsey, 31st battalion, was on this conducting staff.

On February 7th we arrived at Calgary and there was a big crowd waiting at the depot to see us get off the train. There were the usual ladies with the cigarettes and chocolate and the circular letters of welcome and thanks. Mothers could be seen kissing their sons and relatives, friends and sweethearts, were welcoming back those they knew and loved. Two or three men with whom I had soldiered in France came up and shook hands with me and asked me how I felt. I replied that I was feeling tough but that I was going on to Banff on leave, but that I hoped to feel better when I came back.

I strolled out onto the street and a man with a car asked me where I was heading for. I told him nowhere in particular as I had several hours to wait for a train to take me to Banff. He told me to get into his car and took me to the G.W.V.A. club rooms and I sat there until train time. Later I had something to eat and then took train for Banff.

On February 8th I arrived at Banff and went to the Alberta hotel and spent the first night. The next day I took a walk around to see my old friends and got a bed in a rooming house which was cheaper than at the hotel. I spent my time sitting indoors as I felt so ill. When I went outside I didn't feel like walking far and took little interest in anything or anyone. I could hardly make up my mind as to whether I was dead or alive. When Sunday night came I attended the services at the Anglican Church. I had gone there regularly while living at Banff before going overseas. On this occasion I found that the services were being conducted by a lay leader as the former minister had gone away as an army chaplain. The congregation had dwindled to almost nothing. There was a lady at the organ who had always played. I was alone on one side of the church. There were two men on the other side and the lay reader himself and that was the whole congregation. When he announced the first hymn I began to sing from force of habit, but I was the only one who did and felt so nervous and trembled so violently that I could hardly control myself. However, I didn't want to quit and let the singing down so I stayed with it and sang each hymn alone. The sermon would have been more interesting if it had been read more energetically. After service I walked back to my room without speaking to anyone as I left the church. I felt exhausted and went to bed.

On Tuesday night I was sitting at the stove when an old man, a Swede, who was staying there came home from his work. He looked at me and



asked, "What is your name?" And I told him my name was Tom Mounsey. Then he said, "I believe you are the man. A lady has been looking all over town for you."

"Oh, who is the lady and what does she want me for?" I asked.

He said he didn't know her name but that she had been inquiring for a returned soldier who had just come back from the war. She wished to give him a reception. She had seen him and would know him again but didn't care to say where she had seen him. Upon hearing all this I came to the conclusion that the lady was the organist at the Anglican church. I decided to attend church the following Sunday evening and give her a chance to speak to me if she wished to.

I began to feel worse and while walking on the street a day or two later I had no confidence in myself at all and felt that I might fall down at any moment. I went to the Brett hospital and asked Dr. Harry Brett what he thought of me and he advised me to return to Calgary and report sick. I took the train to Calgary on February 19th and I well remember how miserable and gloomy I felt all the way on the train.

I reported at Victoria Park barracks that night and next morning reported ill. The M.O. sent me to hospital. A card on the wall above the head of my bed informed me that I was suffering from partial facial paralysis. There was no pain with the complaint, only the most miserable misery. I was on the upper floor and was not allowed to go downstairs for my meals. There was a recreation room on the same floor with a phonograph in it. Although I had always been fond of music, the phonograph gave me the pip and I could scarcely stand it.

The C.P.R. tracks and the depot were just below

the window and the trains interested me through the day and I watched them for hours, but they were very disturbing during the night.

Ladies came to cheer us up in the evenings and we would have songs through the week and hymns on Sunday. On Sunday mornings the chaplain held services in the recreation room.

One night I got into bed early and dozed off to sleep. A little later I awakened and found a nice sweet looking girl offering me a delicious looking block of ice cream which I accepted with thanks. I smiled back at her as well as I could in spite of the fact that I had partial facial paralysis. I think the incident did me good for I began to worry the nurses and doctors about getting out a little. I had to waylay the doctor in order to get a word with him as he had never been to see me. When I did get hold of him I told him I would go mad if he didn't let me out a little. He finally allowed me to take a short walk on the street each afternoon but I had to promise not to go far and to take every precaution against getting into danger.

After a while they got used to seeing me going out and coming back all right and I began to go on longer walks towards the outskirts of the city.

One Sunday a friend with whom I had soldiered in the front line trenches came to see me and brought me a bag of fruit. On the following Sunday he came for me and took me to his house for supper.

At that time there was a winter livestock show going on at Victoria Park and another fellow and myself slipped out one evening and went to the show. Next morning my pal felt pretty tough but I wasn't any worse. I had no treatment while in the hospital except proper care and diet. They took a blood test in my arm and a spinal fluid test from my spine but they couldn't find out what had caused the paralysis so I presumed the doctor concluded that it was due to the strain of active service.

On April 1st I was discharged from hospital and went back to Victoria barracks. In a few days I was sent before a doctor at the armory for what they called a first medical board. He was going to mark me A1 but I wouldn't stand for it as I had been returned as a B3 man and the paralysis had left certain weaknesses. He sent me to a nerve specialist to be examined. I was examined by Captain Wert, the same doctor under whom I had been in hospital. He found that his report which should have gone to the armory in connection with me had not gone. However, he examined me again and made out a full detailed report. He seemed to be getting deeply interested in me and one day he had another specialist in. They spent a long time examining me and pondering over large books trying to figure out my condition. I was also examined by an eye specialist and my eyes were declared all right.

When the report of this examination was made out I was sent back to the doctors at the armory for another board. As I stood before him he had Captain Wert's report lying on the table. There were several pages of it and this quack didn't seem to know what to make of it. He glanced through it and it seemed to be all Dutch to him. He smiled and read aloud to himself, "Possesses an open and receptive mind". Then he said to himself aloud. "What in h— has that to do with nerves?" How in the world was I to get fair play from a doctor who couldn't understand a specialist's report when he got it? He wasn't qualified to board me. He took me into another room before two others. This sham,

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for sham it was, was called my second board. The three of them stood and looked at me, asked me a few questions, but they didn't seem to have the faintest idea as to what extent I was disabled. It took them some little time to decide what rate of disability to grant me. They could not mark me A1 and they were afraid to make it too much. They wished to keep on the safe side. At last they decided that the scar on my left side would justify a 20% rate of disability and they didn't consider my nervous condition at all. As a result I was granted a pension of \$5.00 a month!

On April 24th, 1919, I was discharged from the army with a record of good character. Later on I received an Honorable Discharge certificate in addition to the ordinary one. I had been in the army three years, four months and seven days. I had served two years in France. I had taken part in four attacks; on the Somme, Vimy Ridge, the Big Avion Raid, and at Amiens. I had three wounds; one in my left shoulder, one in my left side and one in my left leg. I had trench fever twice, and paralysis.

Soon after I was discharged I went to the Herold Building to the Pension office to collect my first check. The clerk told me it wasn't ready because my medical history had to be all rewritten. He told me it would fill a volume. I thought that my pension was small in comparison.

I stayed in Calgary part of that summer until a number of other returned men and myself were ready to proceed to the Peace River country where we were taking up land under the Soldier Settlement Board. We each took a loan from the S.S.B.

We had a hard time getting into the country with our wagon loads of settler's effects. We had just come back from the war and were well used to hardships, but the readjustment period which took place and lasted for a few years after the war made it bad for us and we had a hard time to get along. The loans which we had taken out from the S.S.B. proved to be nothing but millstones around our necks.

In November, 1919, I was called into Spirit River for a medical board and I had to ride 100 miles there and 100 miles back on a saddle pony. On the way there I rode all one day through a blizzard, breaking trail through the deep snow. Before I got back it was 40 below zero and I didn't think it was worth it all for \$5 a month.

When the doctor examined me at Spirit River I didn't care what the report might be or if I never saw another pension check. He asked me if I ever had headaches and I said yes. He didn't think there was anything wrong with my nerves, and although I didn't agree with him I didn't argue. I was so fed up that I didn't care what he did. As a result my pension was discontinued. After that I felt relieved when I thought I was through with pension doctors. For nearly eight years I went without any pension at all and would like to have a dollar for every time I was advised to ask for a re-examination.

At last, in the summer of 1927, when I was on the verge of a bad nervous breakdown I yielded and applied for a re-examination. As a result I was under observation for a month at the University hospital at Edmonton and was examined by a specialist. My disability was rated at 40% and I have received \$30 a month ever since with which I am satisfied.

THOS. M. MOUNSEY.  
(The End.)

## Bath Detail "B" Company at Souchez



This is a reproduction of an official Canadian War Records photograph. We have only been able to determine the names of three of this group. The man standing facing the lad who is in the act of drinking a cup of coffee is J. W. Cowan, now in the employ of the Edmonton Fire Department. The next man sitting down and facing the camera is Neil Dorsey. Next to him is Sergeant "Spud" Thompson. During the long trip in the line in May, 1918, groups of men were sent out for a bath and for delousing. We shall appreciate the names of any others of this group.

## UNDELIVERED MAIL

We publish herewith a list of the names and addresses of members of the Association to whom either magazines or postcards advising of the date of the annual dinner were sent and which were returned through the post office department for various reasons, the most frequent being "not known" and "removed". In the case of two members to whom magazines were sent, Walter Williams and G. H. Wright, the reason given for non delivery was "deceased". The editorial staff has no knowledge of either of these men and will appreciate any information which may be forthcoming from the troops. If any of the members know the correct address of names appearing in this list we shall be glad to receive the information:

H. W. Western, 9557 102nd Avenue, Edmonton; Lieut. A. C. McCauley, D'Arcy, B.C.; M. Campbell, Passchendaele House, Toronto; T. L. Charrette, Belleville, Ontario; E. H. Prescott, Crossfield, Alberta; W. Ball, 69 Toronto Street, Toronto; J. Mooney, Belmont Hotel, Adams and Grand River, Detroit, Michigan; H. G. Smith, Dimsdale, Alberta; J. D. McCullough, c/o Marset Lumber Co., Buckley Bay, B.C.; P. Caldwell, 514 - 19th Avenue West, Calgary; Weir, 10868 98th Street; Fred Miller, 11618 91st Street, Edmonton; L. Smith, 10039 106 Street; Edmonton; W. H. Skinner, 12207 87th Street, Edmonton; H. Page, 10926 110th Avenue, Edmonton; R. Hardie, 11848 90th St., Edmonton; Pete Scullion, Ward 1 Tranquille Hospital, B.C.; Jack McLeod, Edson; W. Irwin, 613 - 13th Avenue West, Calgary; J. Alexander, 11236 71st Street, Edmonton; E. H. Telford, Calgary; R. Steadman, 710 2nd Street East, Calgary; E. J. Dean, 2333 McLeod Trail, Calgary; M. McKinnon, Drumheller; H. Barker, 216 - 30 Avenue S.E., Calgary; H. Stephens, 839 19th Avenue N.W. Calgary; W. S. J. Baxter, Loughheed, Alberta; J. A. Mitchell, 131 12th Avenue East, Calgary.

## ANOTHER 49er TURNS UP

George F. Bellinger, Regimental Number 433-088, who now resides at 5005 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, writing to the band master and members of the 49th Battalion band, the band of the perpetuating unit, under date of May 6th, and referring to the nation-wide broadcast in which the 49th band took part, says:

"This being the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of King George and Queen Mary I made it my business to arise early and listen in on the services at St. Paul's Cathedral. At eleven a.m. I turned the dial to the celebration broadcast throughout Canada and elsewhere and to my surprise and thrill the announcer called for a number from the First Edmonton Battalion, 49th Band. If you can realize just how that struck me, it is more than I can explain. I cannot recall when I was so stirred. The music came through very clearly and thrilled me. No doubt there are members in the band who were in the original 49th Band and to them especially I wish to convey my best wishes. Although I have never had the opportunity of going back to Edmonton since 1919 I have never forgotten the boys with whom I spent so many months in France. If it is possible I wish you could convey my respects to Brigadier General "Billy" Griesbach and to any enquiring friends."

## WHERE IS ERIC CRAIG?

The following letter addressed to Norman Arnold, Corresponding Secretary, written by T. B. Jones, Clyde Shipping Company Limited, Custom House Quay, Waterford, requests information concerning the whereabouts of Eric Craig:

"Very many thanks for your kind letter of February 3rd last in which you informed me you were trying to trace one of my best chums, and I only pray you will be able to. No, I am not an ex-member of the 49th, as I was in the 23rd Royal Fusiliers, and met Eric Craig when he was batman to a Captain Bob Ferris of your Regiment, who unfortunately died of the Flu in England. Eric and I became inseparable chums and I corresponded with him and interchanged photos for quite a number of years after I was "demobed" in 1920. Then his letters ceased and I have tried to get in touch with him but without success. However, now that you have been good enough to try for me I hope you will be successful. Eric's address sometimes was Box 93, Stavelly, Alberta."

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## FIFTY FIRST BATTALIAN DINNER

The Fifty First Battalion reunion dinner held Friday, February 15th, in the Corona Hotel was attended by two hundred former members. Colonel A. H. Elliott presided. A telegram regretting his inability to be present, was received from the former commanding officer, Colonel R. de L. Harwood. Mayor J. A. Clarke was present and replied to the toast to the City of Edmonton, and made jovial references to the first dinner staged by the Battalion twenty years ago. The toast to the Old Battalion was responded to by Capt. John Lee. Among the interesting statements he made was one to the effect that over 2280 had enlisted through the Battalion. The program was contributed to by Albert Knowler, Ed Sturrock, Eric Coles and Harry McPherson.

## 202ND FIRST RE-UNION DINNER

The 202nd "Sportsman's" Battalion held their first re-union dinner since 1919 in the Corona Hotel on Saturday, March 16th. The dinner was presided over by the original commanding officer, Lieut Colonel P. E. Bowen. The selection of the name "Sportsman's Battalion" was very appropriate for during training members of the Battalion carried off several Divisional championships at Edmonton, Calgary and finally at Witley Camp, England. The officers of the new Association are: Hon. President, Lieut. Colonel P. E. Bowen; President, Capt. K. C. McLeod; Vice President, Capt. H. A. Sterns; Hon. Secretary, Captain Wilfred Baker; Executive members, Frank Green, Carl Lobman, Charles Dominy, Fred C. Casselman, Bruce Flavin, Barney Gee, Capt. James "Patsy" Gallagher and Rod Christie.

## 138TH SMOKING CONCERT

The 138th Battalion Association held a smoking concert in the Memorial Hall on Wednesday, February 27th. Capt. C. Gerald O'Connor, president of the re-organized association, presided. The music was furnished by a band under the direction of former bandmaster George Sloane, 138th Battalion and the "Buckaroos" under the direction of "Dynamite Dan" Hall. Tom Leslie played the accordion and Ed McGarvey sang. During the evening Sgt. J. Koch presented to the Association a handsomely framed photograph of the late Colonel R. Belcher. Mrs. Belcher, Honorary President of the Association, now resident in Vancouver, sent best wishes to the troops together with cigarettes for the occasion.

## FORTY NINTH "VISITING NIGHT"

More than two hundred attended the "Visiting Night" sponsored by the Forty Ninth Battalion at the Canadian Legion Memorial Hall on Wednesday, January 30th. Major General Griesbach presided. Neville Jones and Earle Hay assisted him in making the arrangements. "Red" Gibbons and his band provided a succession of lively melodies. Others who contributed to the program were Jack White, Fred Doucet, Bill Rice, M. Jeffery, M. Williams, "Dicky" Barcroft, Harry Clift, Albert Figg and Art Stead.

## SIXTY THIRD REUNION

The Sixty Third Battalion Association held a reunion smoker and sing song in the Memorial Hall on Wednesday, February 13th. There was a large attendance. The affair was presided over by Lieut. Colonel George B. McLeod.



## OUR SECOND M. O.



Capt. H. C. Wallace, who succeeded Major Harris as M.O. of the Battalion. He was hit with Colonel Weaver in the first trip in line after the Vimy show. Captain Wallace is practising at Greenshields, Alberta, which is down Wainwright way. He invariably turns up at the annual dinner in January. Captain Wallace was succeeded by Captain Gordon Young, D.S.O.,

M.C., who is practising at Moose Jaw, and who now has the rank of Lieut. Colonel in the C.A.M.C.

## EASTERN BRANCH

The election of officers took place at the First Annual Dinner held in the Royal York hotel, Toronto, at 8:30 p.m., January 5th, 1935.

The following were elected to office: Hon. President, Major Gen. the Hon. W. A. Griesbach, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., K.C.; President, Tom Turner; Secretary, C. R. Jones; Executive Committee, R. P. Ottewell, I. W. Anderson, J. Dobson, P. J. Shearman, C. F. Chapman.

While the attendance was not as large as at the Reunion, several members were present from outside points, Hamilton, Niagara, etc. The dinner was a huge success. The festivities continuing until 12:00 p.m.

During the dinner the following toasts were proposed: "The King", proposed by the President T. Turner; "Fallen Comrades", Lieut. T. W. Greenfield; "Bonnie Dundee", C. F. Chapman; "Canada", E. McGirr; "49th Bn. (E.R.)", Lieut. R. P. Ottewell.

## DIAMOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

An event of more than passing interest was the celebration on Friday, June 14th, of the Diamond Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George Pilkie, Vermilion, the parents of Bessie Pilkie, well known singer, wife of Captain George L. Hudson, Transport Officer of the 49th, and Frank Pilkie who was a runner in the 49th Battalion. Telegrams of congratulation were received from Hon. W. L. Walsh, Lieut. Governor of Alberta; Premier Bennett; Premier Reid; Mayor Clarke; and Brigadier General J. A. Stewart, C.B., D.S.O., M.P., Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Pilkie were married June 14th, 1875, at Lindsay, Ontario. Mr. Pilkie was a member of the Barrie Rifles at the time of the Fenian Raids. He has been police magistrate of Vermilion for over thirty years.

## \$50,000 GIVEN CURRIE'S ESTATE

Recognition by the nation of services of Sir Arthur William Currie, former commander of the Canadian corps, who died in November, 1933, has been made. An appropriation of \$50,000 to his estate was authorized by the House of Commons at the recent session at Ottawa.

FORMER MEMBER OF 9th PLATOON  
LEFT FOR ENGLAND IN MAY

One of our members, A. W. Featherstone, an original of 9 platoon, "C" Coy., was given a send-off on Tuesday evening, May 21st, at the Legion on the occasion of his departure to live in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, after residing in Edmonton for 27 years. Arthur Featherstone was a popular member of his platoon, and a number of his old platoon comrades attended to say goodbye, and to mark the occasion by making him a presentation. Those attending were Capt. W. E. Rose, Sid Parsons, Louis Alexander, Neville Jones, Bob Whyte, Harry Smith and others.

Capt. Rose in making the presentation which took the form of a clock made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion and with the aid of suitable refreshments, the meeting terminated with the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", and much handshaking, also a promise from Mr. Featherstone that he would always keep in touch with our Association.

His new address is 379 Elswick Road, Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Old comrades, now residing in England or Scotland, or any of those in Canada contemplating the Legion's Vimy trip next year should keep this in mind, should they be visiting that city, in order to look him up.

## HENDERSON NOW LIEUT. COLONEL

Lieut. Colonel W. W. Henderson, Pincher Creek, who was a Lieutenant in the Forty Ninth during the war and has been prominent in militia circles in Alberta since the war, has been appointed to command the Fifth Mounted Brigade, which comprises the 19th Alberta Dragoons, Edmonton; 15th Canadian Light Horse, Calgary and Alberta Mounted Rifles, Vegreville. Colonel Henderson was in command of a half brigade of cavalry camped at Wintereburn July 3rd to 14th. He now is Lieut. Colonel.

## PARALYZED FORTY NINER HONORED

Among the Forty Niners who received the Jubilee Medal May 6th was Robert Heron, who has been a patient in the University Hospital for close on six years, suffering from paralysis, the result of war wounds. The presentation of the medal was made by General Griesbach who made the trip across the river to the hospital following the public ceremony at the Legislative Building grounds. The presentation to Heron is believed to be the only one of its kind made in the Province to a bedridden recipient.

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### THE FIRST MENTION IN DESPATCHES

The old timers will remember the German raid at St. Eloi in the Salient early in 1915, when the 49th made prisoners of a German officer and Sergeant. F. T. Pinnell, a member of the Pensions Office Staff in the South Side Post Office, has furnished us with a clipping from the magazine "Canada" under date of June 3rd, 1916, in which the following reference is made:

"In his despatch on the operations of the British Forces serving in France and Belgium since he assumed the Chief Command on December 19th, 1915, General Sir Douglas Haig, G.C.B., describes the St. Eloi fighting, in which the Canadians took part, and mentions the following Canadian units as having been specially brought to his notice for good work in carrying out or repelling local attacks and raids; 1st Divisional Artillery; 22nd (Howitzer) Brigade; and the 5th, 7th, 29th, and 49th Infantry Battalions. As part of the Medical Services he says the Canadian Army Medical Corps has displayed marked efficiency and devotion to duty."

### MINIATURE FORTY NINTH BADGES

The Association has recently ordered a limited quantity of miniature Forty Ninth badges, which are made of gun metal and are quite attractive and unobtrusive. They can be worn on any coat lapel. They are available to any member of the Association or any former Forty Niner at a price of seventy five cents, plus postage if they are to be delivered out of town. Orders should be sent to the corresponding secretary, Norman Arnold, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton.

### "TINY" LYTTLE'S BROTHER "JIMMY"

James Lyttle of Regina, who competed in the Canadian Amateur Heavy Weight Wrestling Championship Tournament held at the Arena on Monday, May 20th, is a brother of "Tiny" Lyttle of "B" Company, Forty Ninth Battalion. "Tiny" was originally a member of the Forty Ninth Tug of War team. Constable "Pat" Meehan of the Edmonton City Police Force, of which "Tiny" himself is a member, defeated "Tiny's" brother.

### WAR SONG COMPOSER DEAD

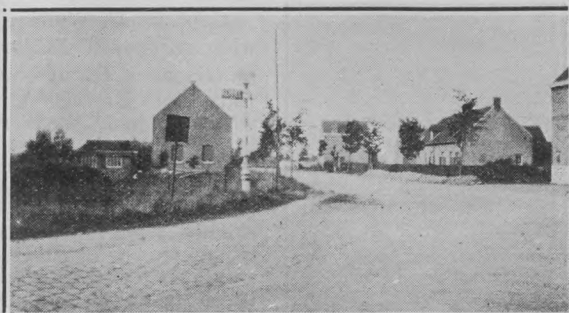
The death took place recently in East Ham, England, of Maurice Scott, composer of "Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty", "Oh It's a Lovely War" and many other songs. With his brother Bennett Maurice wrote many other songs which were popular during the world war. He was fifty two years of age and was writing songs until his last illness. Banks of flowers and crowds of admirers marked the funeral held at East Ham.

### HELPED YOUTH TO GET HOME

The Association through the efforts of Earle Hay was instrumental in assisting a son of a Forty-Niner who was killed overseas, in returning back to his mother at Vancouver. A letter was received by Hon. Sec. E. Hay from Mr. C. McRitchie, of 4255 E. Pender St., Vancouver, thanking him for his assistance in returning him home.

Miss Lillian Monk, daughter of the late Sergt. Donald Monk, killed at Passchendaele, who recently graduated from St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, visited Mrs. George Barr, 94th Street in June. The widow of Sergeant Monk resides in Victoria.

### SHRAPNEL CORNER, YPRES SALIENT



This is the present day appearance of a particularly sanguinary spot in the Ypres Salient, which many of the Old Timers will vividly recall. Another interesting fact concerning this picture is that it shows how completely the war torn areas of France have been re-habitated at the expense of France's former enemies.

### FREDERICK MILES PALMER

Miles Palmer, who distinguished himself at the Corps sports in 1918 by reaching the finals in the heavy weight boxing class, is the proud father of a son, Frederick Miles Palmer, born Tuesday, June 11th, at the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton.

### REMEMBRANCE

There's a beautiful mound, with maples around,  
And 'tis wreathed with the flowers of home;  
It stretches so far, from the sea to the Sarr  
In a land far away o'er the foam.

'Tis our holiest shrine, that meandering line,  
And we bow with the reverence we owe  
To each cross on its crest where our truest and  
best  
Gave their lives for their faith long ago.

'Tis a bit of our heart, in a realm far apart,  
And in homage we kneel on that sod,  
To those heroes who fell for this land where we  
dwell,  
And the altars we raise to our God.

—W. C. Skinner,

49th Battalion "Poet Laureate".

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## Last Post

**DONALD S. MacLEOD**

Donald "Big Dan" MacLeod died in the University Hospital on Tuesday, January 22nd.

Severely wounded in France he suffered increasingly from the effects of his wounds during the last few years, and this necessitated frequent visits to the hospital for treatment. He enlisted here with the 66th Bn. and was transferred to the 49th in France. The funeral service was held on Friday afternoon at two o'clock from Howard and McBride's chapel. Rev. Wm. Simons officiated and interment took place in the Edmonton cemetery. The pall-bearers were Col. A. H. Elliott, Major Walter Hunter, T. Robb, Alex. Thompson, Charles Matheson, and N. McPherson. The association sent a wreath. He is survived by his wife, two sons, Thomas R. and Donald S. who plays for the South Side Junior hockey team, of Edmonton; five daughters, Mrs. F. Gardiner and Cora, Margaret, Alice and Norma MacLeod, all of Edmonton; his mother, Mrs. Mary A. MacLeod of Edmonton; six brothers, Neil of Washington, Archie of Edmonton, Rory of Alexandria, Ont., Miles of Lavoy, Roy of Edmonton and Angus of Athabasca; and three sisters, Mrs. Mary McDermid and Mrs. J. Geddes, both of Edmonton; and Mrs. W. Golley of Salmon Arm, B.C.

### GORDON S. EDMONTON

The death occurred in the University Hospital, Edmonton, in the latter part of March of Gordon Edmonton, aged 44, who originally was a member of the 194th Battalion and later was transferred to the 49th. The funeral was held at Tawatinaw on Tuesday, April 2nd, and was said to be the largest ever held there. The late Gordon Edmonton was a pioneer of the district arriving there with his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Edmonton, thirty-two years ago. He enlisted on March 9th, 1916, joining the 49th when the battalion was out at Bruay before the Vimy Ridge show. He was wounded at Vimy, Passchendaele and at Amiens. He was discharged March 14th, 1919, after three years and fourteen days service. After the war he farmed at Tawatinaw. He is survived by his wife and three children, one boy and two girls. The information concerning Edmonton was furnished by his widow after his death.

### ALEX MACLAINE BAKER

The death occurred on February 2nd in an Edmonton hospital of Alex MacLaine Baker, aged 45. The funeral was held from Howard & McBride's Chapel on Monday, February 4th, at 2:30. Rev. H. A. MacLeod officiated and interment took place in the Edmonton Cemetery. The deceased is survived by his widow, two brothers, James of Calgary and Hugh of Edmonton and three sisters, Mrs. Annie Clydesdale, Calgary; Mrs. Mary Bird, Innisfail; and Mrs. Marion MacDonald, Chilliwack, B.C. Corporal Baker enlisted in the Sixty Sixth Battalion July 13th, 1915, Regimental number 100801, joined the Forty Ninth February 28th, 1917, and served with the machine gunners. He returned to England February 7th, 1919, and was discharged May 27th, 1919.

### K. H. STRICKLAND

Kenneth Henry Strickland, 35 years of age, employed by the dispatcher's department of the C.P.R. Calgary as telegrapher, died at his home, 614 Eighth avenue northeast Dec. 26th, 1934.

He was a veteran of the Great War, having served overseas with the 72nd and 49th Battalions, C.E.F. Born in New Denver, B.C., he had been in Calgary for two years. He was a member of B.P.O.E. Lodge No. 4, in Calgary, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and the Great War Veterans' Association of Cochrane.

He leaves his wife, Gene; a son, Leroy; his mother, Mrs. C. E. Strickland, at Enderby, B.C.; and a brother, Donald, in San Diego, California.

### MRS. MARGARET LETITA OTTEWELL

Mrs. Margaret Letita Ottewell, widow of the late S. F. Ottewell and mother of R. P. Ottewell, Lieut. of the Forty Ninth Battalion, now a resident of Toronto where he is practising law, died at Bellis last summer while on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Burnie. The late Mrs. Ottewell was 62. The funeral took place at Wiarton, Ontario, interment being made in the family plot at Bay View cemetery. Members of the Association deeply sympathise with Lieutenant Ottewell in his bereavement.

### LIEUT. W. S. HEFFERNAN

The death occurred at Cranbrook, B.C., on Tuesday, April 2nd, of Lieut. W. S. Heffernan, aged 52. Lieut. Heffernan was born in Guelph and came to Edmonton in 1905. He enlisted originally with the 66th. Battalion and was later transferred to the 49th. He was twice wounded. He is survived by his wife, three sons and a daughter. The funeral was held at Nelson on Thursday, April 4th. The Association's wreath was placed on his grave.

### HUGHIE MCKAY

Martin Caine acquainted us with sad news that "Hughie" McKay, 15 platoon, "D" Coy., went out on the great reconnaissance two or three years ago. He had a sudden attack of pneumonia, and passed away suddenly. He was for several years with the C.N.R. B.&B. gang working between Prince George and Prince Rupert.

### WILLIAM SWARBRICK

The death occurred in Edmonton on Wednesday, February 14th of William Swarbrick, father of H. D. Swarbrick, a former Forty Niner. The funeral was held at Lloydminster. Mrs. A. A. Murray, Edmonton, is a daughter.

### MRS. MARGARET BURN

The death occurred on Saturday, January 19th, of Mrs. Margaret Burn, 12003 87th Street, aged 82. Mrs. Burn was the mother of George Burn of the Forty Ninth, who was killed Overseas.

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## H. O. M. —By Ben Davison

(Continued from Page 12)

one occasion when a trainload of loyal Uhlans, sent from Berlin, attempted to detain at the main station. They were met by a few bursts of machine-gun fire, and their train was hustled back whence it had come.

All of this news was given to us by our guards. We had very little first hand knowledge of it, except for hearing the patrols. Our work went on as usual. The Revolution had no effect upon us in the least at the time.

The next event of importance was the signing of the Armistice. The news of the Armistice was celebrated with great joy and relief by all the people, though not with any of the jubilation of the people of the Allied Nations. They were looking forward to a relief from the rigors of war, a return to normalcy, and, in particular, adequate food supplies. They all realized that there would be Peace Conditions to be fulfilled, but they also felt that nothing which could be imposed upon them would be as bad as those conditions which had been imposed on them during the war. One often wonders what they thought of them in the succeeding years.

I reported sick on the day after the Armistice. I had a slight cold but I was surprised at the ease with which I wangled a week off duty. On the Monday following I went back on the job. At noon that day we went to the usual cafe for lunch. Several of the fellows from another commando were there, and from them I learned that a Canadian in their group had declared an armistice with work and had refused to carry on any more, and was waiting to be sent back to camp. I had had such an idea myself, but we Britishers were such a small part of our commando that I had been rather scared of starting anything, and I had swung the lead for a week, anyway. But this news decided me.

When I got back to barracks that evening I talked the situation over with the other chaps, and we came to the conclusion that it was time we quit too. As the official interpreter for the Britishers it devolved upon me to break the news to the Sergeant. I waited until we were all assembled on parade that evening, when the roll was called. Then I stepped forward and informed the Sergeant that we were through working, and wished to be sent back to Giessen as soon as possible. Our peppery little Sergeant was thunderstruck, and I had to repeat my message before he got it. Then he went into his rage. It was probably the first time any prisoner had ever dared to tell him that he refused to work, and he wasn't going to have any of it. He ranted and raved and shook his fists and trembled with rage, as only a German officer can, I think, and promised that anyone who refused to turn out as usual in the morning would go to the cells and be shot and any other uncomfortable things he could think of was added to it.

It was quite expecting to be packed off to the cells right away, when the Russian created a diversion. There were over two hundred of them, and it turned out that they had been quietly simmering on the point of revolt for some time. When we broke the ice they immediately jumped in with us. They had no hopes of a quick return to their homes, but had plenty of complaints to make concerning their rations and clothing and conditions in general,

and they now refused to go to work until something was done about it. Several spokesmen broke from their ranks, and orators sprang up everywhere. I suppose the Sergeant realized that he could hardly pack the whole lot of us into jail, so he began to calm down. He tried to persuade all of us to go back to work in the morning, promising us that he would send us back to Giessen as soon as possible, and the Ruskies that their complaints would be looked into. But we stood by our decision, and still refused, so we were finally dismissed.

The Russians crowded around us and gave us quite an ovation. Their position was quite different from ours. They were the prisoners of a victorious nation, so to speak, and they had no hope of being repatriated until it suited their captors to send them home. Also, they were almost entirely dependent upon the Germans for their clothing and sustenance, which was not the case with us. The sergeant had paid no attention to their complaints, except to give them a kick in the pants for their presumption, so they had seized the chance we had opened up for them to get their complaints through to someone above in higher authority. They clustered about us and complimented us on our action, and promised to stand by us if we would only stick to our determination in spite of the dire threats of the sergeant.

Some of the French were for taking the same stand as we had, but they were not unanimous, with the result that most of them went to work as usual in the morning.

All the rest of that evening we were being visited by delegations of Russians, all with the same message, to stick it out and force some action. We were also visited by members of the guard and the sergeant. Their message was quite different. Headquarters had been notified, and there would be a detachment of marines up in the morning to take charge of the situation in case we still refused to work. The sergeant explained what a tough bunch they were, who would stand for no fooling, and wouldn't think twice of carrying out a summary execution upon anyone who wouldn't obey orders.

We spent a pretty anxious night. These marines were entirely an unknown quantity to us, and if they were half as tough as we were informed they were there was no knowing what they might do. Who was there to know if half-a-dozen prisoners disappeared?

Looking back at it from this distance, it looks

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like a lot of unnecessary worry, but I can assure you that it was a serious business to us at the time. We felt as a group of rebels must feel when they are starting a rebellion the outcome of which is very doubtful. Even some of us Britishers were not too sure that we were not heading for a lot of trouble, and were rather inclined to chuck it. But before we settled down for the night we had decided that we were at least going to stick it out until we had met the marines and see what came of it.

In the morning the guards came to us with more warnings, still trying to change our minds and get us out on the job. We still refused. About ten o'clock in the morning, sure enough, along came a lorry load of marines. They were all armed with long barreled revolvers, and some carried rifles as well.

All the prisoners, except the British, were ordered into the barrack, then I was taken by two of our guards to put our complaint to the head marine. They had an interpreter, a civilian, with them, so part of our conversation was in German, and part in English. Several of the marines stood around us with drawn revolvers to make a heavy impression upon us I guess. I tried to appear as unconcerned as possible, though I certainly felt far from it. For my moral support my friends kept as close to me as they were allowed.

"What is your complaint?" was the first question.

"We are not making any particular complaint. What we want is to be returned to our camp at Giessen as soon as possible."

"Why do you refuse to work?"

"As prisoners-of-war we had no choice but to work for you, but now we are only waiting to be sent back to England."

"But you must work as long as you are here."

"Well, so long as we are willing to keep on working, you will keep us here. We have already waited over a week, and there is still no talk of sending us back to camp."

They had a consultation among themselves, then started again.

"You know that if you refuse to work we can punish you, don't you?"

"Yes, we know you have the power to punish us, but if anything happens to us there will be trouble for someone. Our friends know where we are."

They had some more consultation, then again:

"If you still refuse to work we don't have to feed you."

"We don't use your rations anyway. We have our own supplies in the guardroom, which you can't withhold from us. Our rations are sent to us from England."

After they had talked that over among themselves again they started a new tack, and I could see that we were getting away with our bluff.

"It is impossible for us to send you to Giessen right now, as we have no one we can spare to go with you."

"Let us go alone, then. If you will give us passes we can get there by ourselves, and there isn't any danger of us running away, now."

As we were talking I noticed one young marine fiddling with his revolver. Finally he pointed it at the ground, shut both eyes, and fired. I told the interpreter that they had better take it away from him before he hurt himself. Yes, I was feeling much better now that I knew these fellows were not so

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terribly tough, behind their big front, and would listen to reason.

The outcome of it was that they promised to send us to Giessen as soon as they could. As soon as we were dismissed, they were approached by a delegation of Russians, who had also stuck to their decision not to return to work until their conditions were bettered. They put forward their complaints, of insufficient food, and also revealed the fact that our little sergeant had been grafting on them by making them pay for their clothing supplies, which were supposed to be issued free. When the marines departed, they took several of the Russians with them. The Russians returned late in the afternoon and said they had been taken to headquarters, their complaints formally noted, and given a good feed before being sent back. Our sergeant was taken away under arrest, and we never saw him again, nor heard of him. That left a young corporal in charge of the commando, and I nagging him until he phoned headquarters to find out when we were being sent off. They finally promised to send an escort next day.

As there was no sign of action by noon the next day, I began to worry him again, and after he had phoned several times they promised a man for next day sure. The next day the corporal was ordered to send one of his own men with us, and we attained our objective that day.

What a camp it was! Prisoners were coming in thousands every day, and the camp was already crammed to overflowing. The regular camp guard had apparently evacuated their quarters and our own senior N.C.O.'s were in full charge. We went about where and when we liked in the camp, and the divisions between companies were no more regarded. Discipline among the men was maintained, but nobody had any regard for the camp property. Fuel, for our cook stoves, was scarce so we just ripped off the boards from the latrines and other uninhabited buildings. By the time the camp was entirely vacated there must have been very little of it left intact. It was said that the Germans had machine guns mounted so as to command the area all round the camp, but I never saw anything of them. Some of the men went into Giessen when they desired to, but I was content, as were most of us, to remain inside until we left for home.

Trainloads of prisoners were leaving for France every day. The transportation accommodation was divided pro rata between the French and British, the French getting far the greater part as there were many thousands more of them to be moved. When a trainload was being made up we were called to parade. All prisoners in camp, who had been taken in 1914, were called out first, then the 1915 men and so on until our quota was filled.

I was only in camp about four days when I caught a place on a train. So it will be seen that we might have suffered a delay running into weeks if we had been content to remain in Frankfurt.

Our train left Giessen early in the afternoon, and we were sure a happy bunch as we marched through Giessen for the last time. As our train was on the point of pulling out, I saw the Frenchmen from our Frankfurt commando just coming into camp, so we were at least one stage of the journey ahead of them.

As supplies in camp were none too plentiful, our travelling rations were cut to the minimum. Two of us had a handful of biscuits and one tin of bully between us. Lack of rations was the least of our

worries at that moment. We would have been content to go without any.

Late that night we stopped in the railway yards in Coblenz long enough to get a bowl of soup from a line of camp kitchens set up there, and that was the last meal we had in Germany. Our progress became ever slower as we went on. We were continually being sidetracked to allow the passage of military trains. All the next day we were travelling beside the Moselle river, and there were many interesting sights to be seen.

Under the conditions of the Armistice, as will be remembered, the German Armies had to retire a certain number of miles each day, so the trains which passed us, going into Germany, were loaded with guns and all sorts of heavy gear, as well as troops. As we went still farther south we met the troops retiring by road. For as far as we could see the roads were jammed with the retiring Armies, their transports, and all their paraphernalia. They seemed to cover the landscape. It was certainly a sight worth seeing, and a cheerful one to us as well. To get a better view of the passing sights a lot of us climbed to the tops of the cars. We had to keep a lookout ahead, though, for we passed under several bridges, which didn't seem to clear the roofs by more than four or five feet. After we had passed the retiring Armies we passed through an area which seemed devoid of all living creatures. There was no movement to be seen. The roads were deserted, occupied only by the litter of the Armies which had passed, in the shape of broken wagons and an occasional broken gun.

Soon after that we saw a small group of mounted men in khaki. We were following the East bank of the Moselle, and the troops we saw were on a road near the other bank of the river, slowly advancing toward Germany. The country through which they were moving, at that time, was the Duchy of Luxembourg. We were too far away to be able to make out who they were, though we knew they were either Americans or British. We passed several larger groups of mounted men. Then we came to an infantry battalion at rest. They had their flag flying from a tall staff, and, sure enough, they were Americans. It wasn't until later that we found out that these were the troops who had won the war, but we were glad to see them even without that knowledge. There was a bridge across the river at this point, and we paused there for a few minutes. Some of our fellows went close enough to shout to them, and one chap on the train, who had a cornet with him, struck up "The Star Spangled Banner". Their band answered with "God Save The King", as our train pulled out.

At about that point the small guard of Germans who had accompanied us left the train. After we had gone on a few more miles we met the first Allied troops on our side of the river. They were French, and gave us quite a welcome.

It was beginning to get dark when we arrived at Metz, which was the end of the first stage of our journey home. We detrained there and were taken to a camp, where we were billeted in some large barns. We were met there by a detachment of British non-coms, who had blankets and rations for us. Believe me, the grub was welcome, though it was only bread and bully and jam and tea. We had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before.

*(Continued in Next Issue)*



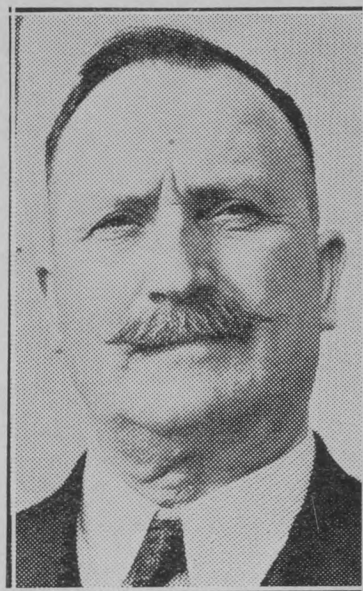
## Acting Collector



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

Lt-Col. A. H. Elliott, who has assumed his duties as acting collector of customs and excise here, succeeding J. W. Shera, who has been superannuated, effective from July 1. Colonel Elliott is an active worker of the Executive Committee of the Association. He was originally a 51st officer. In the 49th he was with "B" Coy.

## Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms



—Courtesy of The Edmonton Journal.

Neil McLean, originally C.S.M. in the 194th battalion, and who on transfer to the 49th was attached to "D" Company, was named deputy sergeant-at-arms in the Alberta legislative chambers at the last session.

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Col. F. C. Jamieson  
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### MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

There is a vast amount of work involved in the compilation and publication of a magazine of this character. Fortunately it is issued only semi-annually, otherwise it is doubtful if a sufficient number of volunteer workers could be pressed into service to continue it.

It is safe to say not a single reader realizes what it means to Norman Arnold, the Association's Corresponding Secretary, who, together with his normal duties as such, has taken on the job of culling from the daily newspapers any news which is of particular interest to 49ers.

If more than a cursory glance through the magazine is given, some idea can be had of the work George S. Gleave's advertising committee has to do. The soliciting of advertisements is no child's play, and on the success of this committee's efforts depends the continuation of the publication. Without sufficient advertisements to pay for the printing and the cost of engravings together with other incidentals this magazine would have to be discontinued.

In this connection it cannot be too strongly urged upon members of the Association that wherever possible preference be given to the business firms advertising in the book.

The advertising solicitors are: Edmonton—Jack Blewett, Miles Palmer, J. L. Stone, T. Robb and Geo. E. Gleave. Calgary—James MacMillan, J. Kilarski.

### NEWSPAPERS' COURTESY

The Association and the magazine committee desire to express fullest appreciation of the unflinching courtesy of both the Edmonton daily newspapers in giving generous space to announcements of the annual church parade and the annual dinner, and for the loan of cuts for reproduction in the magazine.

### CHURCH PARADE ARRANGEMENTS

To Earle Hay, recording secretary, and to other members of the executive, due credit should be given for the energetic manner in which each man carried on this particular job. It is not good enough to say the church parade simply took care of itself.

### SERVICE BROADCASTED

The broadcast of the Church Parade Service over C.J.C.A. was made possible through the co-operation of Rev. C. G. Stone, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Edmonton.

The facilities of the Station had previously been granted to Rev. Stone, who on being requested, very generously released his time to the 49th Battalion Association in order that former members of the battalion living at a distance and unable to be present for the parade and service, might be privileged to hear it over the air.

### ADVICE AS TO DUES

Dues covering membership in the Association should be remitted to N. A. Arnold, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton, corresponding secretary. The annual dues are 50 cents per year. These cover both the January and July issues of the magazine, delivered post free to out of town members.

All members and others who have not recently acknowledged receipt of the magazine should do so at the earliest convenient time.

### WHERE IS CAPTAIN ARKLESS?

James I. Bowie has asked us to locate Capt. O. M. Arkless, originally with "A" Company and later second in command of "C" Company. We shall be glad to be informed of his present address. Kindly notify N. A. Arnold, Corresponding Secretary, 11908 92nd Street, Edmonton.

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